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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE danger of a Balkan war, which has rapidly approached since the failure of the Young Turks, has this week become actual. Bulgaria resolved on a total mobilisation, and it was immediately announced that Greece, Serbia, and Montenegro had all proceeded to the same extreme measure, and were acting in alliance. The preliminaries which led up to this decision are of only minor interest. Bulgaria was carrying on her usual autumn manœuvres, and had decided to dismiss her men, when it was announced that Turkey would carry out exceptional manœuvres round Adrianople. This led to a suspension of the Bulgarian dismissals, and some of the Powers remonstrated with the Porte. It then substituted divisional manœuvres, extending over the whole of the north of European Turkey. This was, if possible, a more provocative step, since it threatened Serbia also. Simultaneously, a consignment of Servian arms was stopped at Salonica, and Serbia demanded its release. Thereupon the decision for a full and general mobilisation was taken by all the Balkan Powers, and Turkey has promptly responded. It is significant that her preparations are being directed not merely against her European antagonists, but also against a possible Russian descent from the Caucasus. It is probable that Roumania, which was for long sus-

pected of having an alliance with Turkey, will observe neutrality in the event of war.

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It is fairly obvious that the events which seem to have led up to this crisis are only its external occasions. The four allies, which have acted so promptly and with such unanimity, must have prepared for this moment without much regard for the accidental provocations which might precede it. Greece, in any event, was expecting a Cretan crisis this month, when the Deputies from the island will again demand admission to her Chamber. Montenegro had clearly been waiting her chance for at least two years. It is probable that Serbia was the last to join the League, and she has in any event the least to gain and the most to fear from a conflict in which Austria will certainly at some point intervene. Bulgarian sentiment, fired by the massacre at Kutchana, has demanded war, but the preparations for joint action with Greece at some future time were taken long before this special pretext was available. The Turks have been at pains, even at the last moment, to provoke Greece by firing on some of her merchant ships and by detaining others in her ports. The inevitable frontier incidents are reported both from Bulgaria and Montenegro. Meanwhile the Turks appear to be clearing the decks for action by making peace with Italy. A settlement is believed to have been reached in hot haste between the negotiators in Switzerland.

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Of the attitude of the Powers it is difficult to speak with certainty. The League has left them six days' grace to intervene, but the usual remonstrances will be futile, and nothing much less than an undertaking by the Powers to impose Macedonian autonomy on Turkey would avail to avert war. Petersburg appears to expect war, and displays considerable Pan Slavist feeling. It is noteworthy that by "a coincidence," there is taking place a "test" mobilisation in Poland. The "Times" also expects war, and appears to justify it. The reports of the Balmoral meeting are too vague to enable us to guess how far the Triple Entente intends to go in imposing far-reaching reforms. It will probably go much beyond Count Berchtold's programme, and will, if war follows, throw the responsibility on the supineness of Austria. The German contribution to the problem is a declaration that none of the Balkan States will be allowed to acquire territory. France is relatively optimistic, and has refused loans to Bulgaria. The readiness of the League to allow time to diplomacy is a good omen. But it is possible that diplomacy may prefer to intervene rather to pick up "compensations" than to avert the horrors of war.

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At the moment of our going to press, the hopes of peace are a little, though only a little, strengthened. No publication of the ultimatum of the Balkan States has been made, and it is said to be withheld, not only to give the Turks longer grace, but so that the Powers may revise and soften its terms. This looks as if the Powers were stiffening in their anti-war attitude, and it is just possible that a reconciling formula of "autonomy"

for Macedonia may still be found. On the other hand, warlike acts multiply on both sides. Railway services from Turkey are stopped, aeroplanes and munitions of war detained, and several frontier skirmishes reported. Every mile of the long frontier line is dangerous, and the patriotic spirit which the Young Turk movement created has burst into vivid flame in Stamboul.

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THE results of the conference at Balmoral on Persian affairs between Sir Edward Grey and M. Sazonoff were communicated to the press in two semi-official statements. The first insisted that "no new political agreement" had been discussed, that "neither Power had any intention or desire to partition Persia," and that "in order to expedite the withdrawal of foreign troops" the means of strengthening the Persian Government in order to maintain order were under consideration. A rather longer communication, apparently of Russian origin, added the reassuring information that the Trans-Persian Railway project is still at the stage of "study" only, and that either Power is still free to reconsider its attitude. The "Times," on Thursday, invited Radicals to recognise how vain their fears had been. These fears, we need hardly add, were mainly the creation of the "Times" itself. It had called for a "new political agreement," and had argued on behalf of partition, a permanent British occupation of the South, and the re-arrangement of the neutral zone.

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CLEARLY at this stage the "Times" has represented the final view of Sir Edward Grey. Reading between the lines of these communications, it seems probable that he has really opposed considerable resistance to Russian pressure, and has rejected any solution which involved the final absorption of Persia by her protectors. It is, however, still doubtful whether the positive programme arranged at Balmoral for "strengthening" the Persian Government will be consistent with the reality of independence. A new Regent seems necessary, as well as a loan and the provision of foreign experts. The crucial question is whether Regent, loan, and experts are to be imposed by the two Powers, while Persia has only a stop-gap government, or whether a new Mejliss will first be summoned, and allowed freedom of decision upon the Russo-British suggestions or decisions.

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WE describe elsewhere the general atmosphere of the Ulster celebrations, which terminated with the signing of the Covenant in the Belfast City Hall on Saturday. But a rapid fall of the Irish temperature took place in Sir Edward Carson's speech in Liverpool, delivered before the Conservative Club. While assuming that the Home Rule Bill was dead, or that the Government would not attempt to carry it—both absurd conclusions—he said that he did not object to the extension of local government provided they "kept to one nation, in the sense of one great Imperial Parliament." When he was asked why he did not trust his "Nationalist fellow countrymen," he replied he "knew them too well." But he added that if they wanted Home Rule "with the assent of Ulster," they must win it "by confidence," by "seeing that their interests were identical." They would never win it "if they tried to alienate them one inch from the British Empire." This may be mere bait or a serious political overture, but it makes a spiritless close to the campaign and the Covenant.—Sir Rufus Isaacs, speaking on the same day at Reading, declared that, though Sir Edward Carson's language made the administration of the law difficult, the Government were

absolutely "undaunted," would pursue their policy, and would carry the Home Rule Bill through the Commons.

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SIR JOHN SIMON, at Leeds, on Friday week, contributed an interesting criticism of the Ulster orgies, pointing out that what he called the "Carson Caravan" had excepted the Home Rule counties of Ulster from its round, contrasting the Ulster effervescence with the self-control of the Catholic people, in itself a test of the right to self-government, and asking why, if the religious grievances were real, not a single victim of Catholic intolerance could be produced from the South and the West. He suggested that all the first-class Ulster leaders came from outside Ulster, including Sir Edward Carson, whose address, among the signatories to the Covenant, was "Eaton Place, S.W."

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Now that China has got her money, no one has a good word to say for the Six-Power Syndicate. Even the "Times" says: "We have never concealed our dislike of this international combination." This is one of a number of signs that there is going to be a change in the situation, but what that change will be we cannot definitely ascertain. The first possibility is that the Six-Power Syndicate will be enlarged to admit the new London group. Great Britain is the only member of the Syndicate that is represented by a single bank (the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank), and the main object of the promoters of the London loan was to break down this bank's monopoly. An arrangement of this kind might easily be made if the Six-Power group had any stability in itself. But it never has had, and it is apparently at the moment on the point of dissolution.

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WHAT will emerge? Mr. Morrison, interviewed by a Berlin newspaper, hopes for the restoration of the original Four-Power Syndicate, or, if that is impossible, owing to the support that France gives to Russia, a new Anglo-American-German Syndicate "which would keep finance and politics strictly apart." This would not be a bad solution of the problem, for England, Germany, and America have at least this in common—that they stand for the "open door" in China and the unrestricted development of the country. The difficulty is the intimacy of our Foreign Office with France, Russia, and Japan. A leader in the "Times" a few days after M. Sazonoff's departure from Balmoral shows how the wind is blowing. The Six-Power Syndicate, it admits, is an unfortunate complication, very bad for us, if not for China. Then merely because English and German financiers were the first to co-operate in China fifteen years ago, it argues that the whole trouble has arisen from "an intimate—in our opinion, often far too intimate—association between German and British financiers." Surely, the most surprising stick that has yet been found to beat Germany with!

* * *

THE "Times" proceeds to rebuke the Liberal papers for their attempt "to represent the support given by the Foreign Office to the Six-Power group as another of Sir Edward Grey's surrenders to Russian policy." As it happens, it is not merely Liberals who regard the entry of Russia (and Japan) into the group as the sequel to its change from a financial combination into a political conspiracy. The day before the "Times" leader appeared, it had published an article by its financial expert, who wrote:—

"No doubt the Russians and Japanese felt compelled, after the Revolution, to demand a share in the influence exercised by the Four-Power group, and their action

was natural; but most people regard the inclusion of these two banks, and the implied claim to a share in the work of financing China, as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the international machinery that had been evolved for the purpose of carrying out that work safely for both China and those who lend China money."

It will be noted that the "Times" expert and the "Times" leader-writer do not speak with the same voice. The one speaks for the City, and displays no anti-German bias. For whom does the other speak? And what does this grotesque attempt to turn the issue against Germany portend? As for Liberal criticism of the Six-Power Syndicate, we have never supposed that Sir Edward Grey was acting specially in Russian interests, any more than we believe that, as the "Times" suggests, with delightful ingenuity, his main motive was honorably, though reluctantly, to discharge ancient obligations towards Germany. Our Chinese arrangement with Germany, whatever its faults, worked very well from 1896 until a few months ago. The trouble began only when, as one Power after another entered the group, a financial partnership friendly to China became a political conspiracy against China.

THE rules for the administration of medical benefit by the Local Insurance Committees have been published, and show not only a desire to conciliate the doctors, but a promise of joint powers for them with the Committees in the management of the Act. The Medical Committees are to be consulted as to the fixing of the rates and methods of service (whether by capitation fee, or by fee and special allowances), and there are also to be local variations of the income limit for the insured. We do not see how this agrees with the principle of the fixed limit which the Act contains, and it may give rise to large variations in practice. But the concessions to the doctors (to be followed in a few days by the enlargement of the fund for medical benefit) are sweeping, and the "British Medical Journal," while complaining of their vagueness, admits that the regulations meet the desire of the profession to regulate its own work.

THE Church Congress, which opened at Middlesbrough on Tuesday, was mainly concerned with Welsh Disestablishment. The President, the Archbishop of York, argued that there was no alternative between the existing establishment of religion and its disappearance from public and corporate life. On industrial unrest, he declared that the Church ought not to take sides, but rather to get each party to understand the other's problems. But it should strike out against the selfishly luxurious, and should apply the plain Christian principle "that the first charge upon any trade or industry should be a wage for its workers which made decent living possible." A trade which could not pay such a wage ought to cease to exist.

THE Bishop of Oxford, enlarging on this text, feared that the Church now counted for nothing in the industrial problem. The most imperious national call was the putting of new life into the agricultural and pastoral industries. The clergy ought to encourage the formation of agricultural laborers' unions, so as to force wages up to the point at which the laborer could pay an economic rent for a decent house. The Church itself ought long ago to have pressed the claim made by the labor movement for a fairer distribution of industrial wealth. The Archbishop of York, summing up the discussion on the Welsh Bill, which was very intransigent

in tone, rejected the aid of the Liberal Churchmen, declaring that the Bill must be destroyed, and that it was useless merely to moderate the provision for disendowment.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD made a conciliatory speech at Clitheroe on Wednesday on the Parliamentary attitude of the Labor Party. They would, he said, make no alliances, but they proposed to help through Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and the Franchise Bill, and to fight for the Trade Union Bill. It was lunacy to put into office a party pledged to place taxes on every item of food which went down the throats of the people. The Opposition had voted with labor on the tea duty, but there was no chance that if they came to power they would fulfil that vote. On land reform he approved the method of the Scottish Land Bill as against peasant proprietorship. Mr. MacDonald appears to contemplate a large increase to the Labor Party's strength in the Commons—which he fixes at eighty; but his speech is clearly meant to take a long step to ending the Liberal-Labor quarrel.

THE revenue, judging by the completed return for the first half of 1912-1913, promises a good year. The receipts are up by £2,516,100, nearly all of which proceed from a heavy windfall in death duties. These have gained to the extent of £2,320,000. There is a sharp fall in income tax, more apparent than real, for last year's return included arrears. The gain from the new telephone service rather confuses the account. But the increase of over half a million in stamps is a sign of vigor and confidence in investment. On the other hand, customs and excise between them show a loss of over a million, the mixed consequences of the strikes and the cold summer.

THE annual Report of the Prison Commissioners for the year ended March, 1912, which has just been published by the Home Office, is a very satisfactory document. The daily average population in the local prisons was 1,000 less than in the preceding year, and the numbers imprisoned—namely, 439 per 100,000 of the general population—is the lowest point within statistical record. Thus, in spite of the widespread industrial unrest, the masses of the people have been singularly law-abiding. Another fact, which will make itself felt more and more in future years, is the remarkable drop in the number of young persons committed to prison between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. Not so very long ago one of the scandals of our prison system was the large proportion of mere children to be found within prison walls.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT took the first step in mitigating this evil when he called for a report upon every child committed to prison under fourteen years of age—a step which led to the practical abolition of imprisonment under fourteen. It is impossible to deal in such a drastic fashion with youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. But it is satisfactory to find that the imprisonment of these youths in the case of boys has diminished more than 50 per cent., and in the case of girls more than 75 per cent. within the last twenty years. The policy of cutting off crime at its sources, so vigorously pressed upon Lord Gladstone's Prison Committee, is abundantly justified by results such as these. It is impossible to read the prison report without seeing that much remains to be done. But if social reform goes forward hand in hand with prison reform, the society of the future will get the upper hand of crime.

Politics and Affairs.

IS IT WAR?

THE mobilisation of the four Balkan allies may not lead to war, but in a decision and a settlement of the affairs of European Turkey it must and will end. It needs no cannon-shot to assure us that an historic and almost miraculous event has occurred. For many a long year nothing but the geographical accident that they have no common frontier prevented war between Greece and Bulgaria, and even at moments between the rival dynasties of Servia and Montenegro. Their union to-day, translated into a resenant act, is the final demonstration that things as they are cannot endure in Turkey. In this war, if it should come about, no one will discuss who was the aggressor. It is an entire irrelevance which side may have given the first provocation, by diplomacy or arms. The aggressor is the Turkish spirit of racial domination, which has proved to the all but unanimous judgment of Europeans and Balkan Christians alike that the hopes of spontaneous reform in European Turkey, on an adequate scale within a measurable time, were chimerical. No party of innovation has ever started with braver chances than the Young Turks, and with an unexpected wisdom all the Balkan races, but more especially the Bulgarians of Macedonia, conspired to give a fair chance to their experiment. The event was the sharpest disillusionment in modern history. Europe must bear its full share of blame for the disaster, but the fact remains that this brilliant body of young men failed in its constructive work, reproduced on occasion the worst brutalities of the Hamidian régime, neglected in Macedonia, as in Armenia, to punish outrage and massacre, and concentrated its energy on a policy of ascendancy and unification, which assailed the mind of the subject races where Abdul Hamid had only reached the body. It fell with an impartial and simultaneous hand on all the subject races alike, and to-day the unity of their liberated brethren in arms is the obverse of the unity of the persecuted nationalities in suffering. The blow has fallen, as commonly happens in history, after a less provocative and a less resolute Government has come to power amid the wreck. But there is little in its composition to bring about a stay of judgment. It, too, has failed for want of will or want of power to prevent or punish massacre at Berana and Kotchana. Its chief is an octogenarian, steeped in the ancient traditions. Its standing in Turkey and its future are precarious and obscure. It has impressed even the European Powers so little that they had already resumed, in a tentative way, the interventions habitual under Abdul Hamid. One may debate the relative blood-guiltiness of making war or tolerating massacre. One may question the military chances of the four champions of these races which had reached the limit of endurance. One may forbode that war will lead, not at all to the profit of nationality in the Balkans, but rather to the aggrandisement of the Great Powers. But we fear that Turkey is morally the aggressor.

It would be useless to speculate on the military

prospects of the struggle which a frontier incident or the failure of European diplomacy may precipitate within a few days. No one of the armies involved has been tested in its present form under modern conditions. We do not know whether Roumania will observe neutrality, though the omens are all that she will. We cannot be certain how far the Moslem Albanians of the North, the rebels of mid-summer, will turn their arms against their Catholic fellow-clansmen and their Montenegrin associates. But, above all, we do not know how an outbreak of war in the Balkans will affect Italy. It will probably induce the Turks to make peace with Rome in haste on any terms. It might, on the contrary, convert Italian arms, and, above all, the Italian fleet into an unattached ally of the Coalition. The risk of precipitating a European conflict is probably too great to allow of Italian operations in Albania, but at sea and on the Levantine coast it is possible that Italy might elect to hamper and confuse the Turkish defence. But there is no gain in such guess-work. It is enough for us to know that the Balkan coalition is, in any circumstances, formidable enough to impose a difficult war on Turkey. The fact that all the combatants are poor will operate to make the struggle cruel, not merely by aggravating the hardships of the troops, but still more by tempting them to make the continuance of the struggle morally impossible by devastation and massacre. Each party to the struggle will use guerillas, burning with the passion for revenge, and most of them possess regular armies which, in some of their levies, are little better than guerillas. If it succeeds in "localising" the conflict, Europe will no doubt save its own skin, but what is left of its conscience will be seared the while by the knowledge that within the inferno villages are smoking, and women and children choosing between the wintry mercy of the mountains and the outrage and ruin of the plains. In every corner of Macedonia and Thrace horrors will prey upon the civilian population which, in times of peace, had they happened in one region alone, in the days when the Concert existed, would have set the warships steaming and moved the charity of Europe.

While it seemed doubtful whether the Balkan States would really nerve themselves to a decisive act, we felt reluctant to press too emphatically for the intervention of the Powers. Such pleadings are apt to be mistaken in the Balkans for an evidence that the Powers will sympathise with a forward move, and may, if they fail to rouse diplomacy, actually help to provoke a war. But to-day the risk of misconstruction is gone. There will be war, unless the Concert intervenes to impose promptly an adequate scheme of reform. We do not believe that any threats or remonstrances launched at Sofia, any pleas for delay, any declarations that no Balkan State will be allowed to acquire territory as the fruit of victory, would now avail to prevent war. Of such methods, every Balkan State has had dismal experience in the past, and in no single instance has patient waiting on the convenience of Europe brought profit to those who listened to sage counsels. When once the young men are singing their traditional ballads on the march against the secular foe, when once the home has been broken up by the departure of the reservist, when money has been spent, hopes

raised, and courage fired by a preliminary to war so dramatic as this, the monarchs and ministers would draw back at their peril. Four nations, who know their own frailties and jealousies, are well aware that the chance of common action does not arrive twice in a generation. One may dismiss at once the bare possibility that Turkey will or can spontaneously give satisfaction to the demands of the allies. That, from the standpoint of Turkish patriotism, would be a shameful suicide. The sole chance of peace lies in a prompt and drastic intervention by the Powers, not to localise the conflict, but to remove its occasion. The allies are not acting with inconvenient haste. It appears, at the moment of writing, that some few days may intervene before an actual ultimatum is presented. When we recollect how much Bulgaria in particular has to gain by dashing tactics and a surprise invasion, it is obvious that her delay is a calculated invitation to the Powers. They never have seen the storm in the Balkans until the first thunder-clap assailed their ears. Are they capable at the last minute of the eleventh hour of uniting to impose tolerable government in European Turkey?

We do not for our part under-rate the difficulty of the task. If the Concert existed ready-made, it would still present enormous difficulties. It is useless at this stage to talk of any settlement which would leave the real direction of Macedonia and Thrace in Turkish hands. Crete can only be united without reserves to Greece. The Greek region in the South, and the now nearly depopulated Servian region in the North-west of Macedonia, demand separate treatment. But Albania is the crux. It cannot remain an isolated Turkish province if Macedonia receives autonomy. But the North Albanians will not for a full generation be ripe for real self-government, and it is doubtful whether as yet they even aspire to it. No Concert, however zealous and however united, could at a few days' notice devise a plan by which this complex problem could be settled. But one thing it could say, and ought to say. Whatever real ties these provinces retain with the Empire through representation in the Chamber and through the army and fiscal system, their direct administration from Constantinople in all matters of police, justice, and tax-collection must absolutely cease. If that principle were settled, if for a term of years the executive departments in European Turkey (excluding the capital) were taken over by Europeans and their agents, responsible to the Concert, the details of any demarcation of zones, and of any introduction of local representative councils, might be settled at leisure. The essential thing is to guarantee the subject populations against outrage and spoliation. That can be done effectively only by direct European administration. The experience of the Mürtzsteg programme has shown that mere supervision is as futile as the paper reforms of the Turks themselves. That is the price of peace, and in the end it will have to be paid in one form or another, with or without a war. The alternative is for Europe to impose it by a bloodless pressure, or for the Balkan States to extort it amid the risks and cruelties of war.

It is not easy to feel even a flicker of optimism as

one surveys the present condition of Europe. Between its two groups, where is the possibility of common action? No word has come from any of its capitals in a tone of resolution to voice a constructive plan. Europe failed to prevent or to shorten the war in Tripoli. Can she succeed in a task incomparably more difficult? Appearances suggest that she will remain inactive, and, for a time, neutral. Agreement will arrive, if it comes at all, not on the humane ground of avoiding war and ending oppression, but in that mean aftermath of war when spoils are divided and compensations adjusted. The Anglo-German feud has riven Europe to its foundations, and after loading its more advanced peoples with the burdens of peace, it is now about to overwhelm the East with the horrors of war. The guilt of the blood and cruelty will fall first of all on Turkish statesmen. But indirectly it weighs upon the men and the parties in England and Germany who, in their rivalries, have forgotten their duty to civilisation.

WHAT DOES ULSTER WANT?

ORGIES in politics are like orgies in life—they cannot be kept up, and the rebound from them is a mood of almost exaggerated sobriety. But we confess that Sir Edward Carson's "morning after" at Liverpool throws over the riot of Belfast an unusually pallid complexion. Belfast, we were told, had "killed Home Rule." The policy was dead; the Government were scared out of their wits; the Bill would be withdrawn; the Crown, having been metaphorically kicked into the Boyne, could be fished up again and provisionally replaced on the brow of King George. But at Liverpool this monster not only revives, but presents itself in so questionable a shape that Sir Edward at once proceeds to parley with it. "He said to his Nationalist fellow-countrymen that if they wanted Home Rule *with the assent of Ulster*, they must win it by creating confidence, by showing that their interests are identical, and they would never win it if they tried to alienate them by one inch from the British Empire." "If they wanted Home Rule"! "With the assent of Ulster"! "Identical interests"! Then Home Rule on an agreed basis between North-East Ulster and Nationalist Ireland is not impossible, is, by inference, a matter for negotiation, for the creation of mutual confidence, for the discovery of formulæ and methods of adjustment which will leave the Imperial power intact. But these are Gladstonian phrases and ways of approach; and when Sir Edward Carson adds that he has "no objection" to the "extension of local government," provided that they "kept" to "one nation, in the sense of one great Imperial Parliament," we are still far from the region of hot gossiping and back to the temperate zone, where the talk in Tory circles, not so many weeks ago, was of "federalism," and "devolution."

What, then, is Ulster's concern? With details, with taxation, with such provisions as may secure the north-east counties the share in Irish government to which their wealth and economic importance, their undoubted force of character, more than their actual numbers, entitle them? If this be the real goal, it is obviously attainable, for the Irish majority have shown

themselves eager to include the minority practically on their own terms. Thus this powerful section stands to gain a commanding voice in Irish affairs, while retaining, directly and indirectly, the ear of the Imperial Parliament. Who disputes this? Who could avert it? Not Mr. Redmond. Not the Liberal Party. If we are not mistaken, it was with such a settlement in view that at the time of the Conference on the Parliament Act the Orange lodges were on the point of being summoned to discuss the question of a formal acceptance of Home Rule. Sir Edward Carson's Liverpool speech is bound to revive this phase of the problem of Irish Government.

For the Ulster demonstrations failed to reveal any solid ground of fear on the part of the Protestant minority. A large public opinion here has its ear to the earth to catch the first echoes of the plaint of Catholic ascendancy. We know that Protestants in Ireland, gathered together in the centre of their formidable industrial power, persecute their Catholic fellow-Christians, and subject them to the risk of starvation or sudden death. Has a hint of reprisals come from any quarter of Catholic Ireland? In scores of thinly-populated rural districts, very small Protestant communities live an extremely isolated life. Did anyone ever hear of these pastors and their exiguous flocks suffering even the incivilities that, in England, a Dissenting minister puts up with from an unaccommodating vicar? Sir Edward Carson has had a resounding platform for the presentation of such a case. He has never attempted to make it. Nor has he put his finger on one point of the Home Rule Bill which inflicts injustice, or carries with it the power of inflicting injustice, on Protestant Ireland. The religious ground is absolutely barred. The economic ground is barred; or if it were judged to be still open, we should approve of the elimination from the Bill of any powers of taxation which enabled the Irish Parliament to fine industrial Ireland for the benefit of agricultural Ireland. Doubtless there has been a certain regimentation of the popular Catholic forces under Mr. Devlin. But the Ancient Order of Hibernians is largely a town organisation, and that in its turn assists urban Protestantism against rural Catholicism. What, therefore, is it that the Orange leaders dread? They have much more to fear from democracy than from Home Rule.

We do not, however, imagine that Great Britain can be quite indifferent to the protest of great masses of the people of Ulster, misled and mistaken as they are, and histrionic as their demonstration has been. What at heart do they want? They cannot expect British Liberalism to stand with them when they, professors of that form of Christianity which bases itself on reason, reject the first fruits of their creed, which is the modern doctrine of toleration. That doctrine every British colony and every truly civilised State knows by heart. Wherein, then, can any means of accommodation be found, so that we can attain the great public good, earnestly sought by the Irish Nationalist leader during the earlier debates on the Home Rule Bill, of a settlement of the Irish question by consent? We agree with Mr. C. P. Scott, of the "Manchester Guardian," that ample time should be given for the discussion of the Bill, and that no opportunity should be lost "for deliberation, for adjustments,

if needful, for compromise." But for the moment the substance of Ulster's complaint, so far as it has been separated from the savage Orange temper, is that there has been no true and exact reference to the British electors of the question of a change in the form of Irish government. That is not precisely the fact. There have been many such references. Of the two direct appeals, the first was unfavorable, the second favorable. Of the indirect appeals, the last two elections must count as entirely friendly to the Nationalist claim, the last of all as a fully implied endorsement of it. That, as our Constitution goes, is a clear rebuttal of the charge that the Liberal Party has evaded the issue of Home Rule. But let us assume, as a method of appeasement, the desirability of a final clinching verdict from the whole electorate taken, say two years hence, with the full consent—for we should regard that condition as absolutely indispensable—of Mr. Redmond and his followers. If Ulster desires this, she is clearly interested in bringing it about. It would not be reasonable to call on the Government to arrange a final endorsement of Home Rule from the country, if on her part Ulster declares that a positive verdict will carry no weight with her, and if she cannot engage her Tory friends to a clear separation of Home Rule from competing issues. Will she consent to such a Referendum, if it be possible to devise it? Will she abide by it? Will she, in fact, take the line of all modern protesting minorities that when the last shot has been fired, and the last concession won, she is ready for a course of quiet acquiescence in a fair governing system? Such a decision would be honorable and safe. It would, indeed, make Home Rule inevitable; but it would render it very profitable for Ulster.

HOW TO SAVE PERSIA.

THE Balmoral meeting is over, and Persia has survived partition. What in detail has been resolved on, we do not know, but this at least is clear, that the intentions of the forward Imperialists, both Russian and British, have been, for the moment, frustrated. A critical reading of the two semi-official communications is far, indeed, from allaying uneasiness about the future. But in the long crisis which at the best confronts the Persian nation, it is no small gain that even a respite has been secured. We must remember the danger which threatened yesterday, if we would measure the hope which opens to-day. A week ago, the "Times" and the "Novoe Vremya" were agreed in demanding a frank partition with the abolition of the neutral zone, and the latter was no less explicit in calling for the restoration of the ex-Shah. To-day, it is evident that whatever decisions may have been taken which infringe the real independence of Persia, Sir Edward Grey has recoiled from a frank repudiation of our Treaty obligations. So long as there is one Persia and not two, so long as a national Government, however buffeted between its two inconvenient protectors, remains to focus the ideal of Persian nationality, so long will there remain something about which the wills and energies of a sorely tried people may rally. As the details emerge from this preliminary secrecy, there will probably be much to criticise

and much to regret. But critics and statesmen will still occupy in name at least the same ground of principle. We can appeal from the inadequate performance to a promise which is not yet repudiated.

We are not disposed to cavil unduly at the customary vagueness and meagreness of these two communications. In the little which they reveal they are a tribute to the sincerity and the depth of national feeling in this country. They assure us that neither Power intended, or desired, or even discussed partition. They profess a desire to expedite the withdrawal of the Russian troops. They assure us that the discussion of the Trans-Persian railway project has not passed the state of "study," and that neither Power is yet committed to the scheme. It would be simple to accept these assurances altogether at their face value. But they imply some measure of resistance by Sir Edward Grey to Russian pressure, and they betray a willingness to respect and conciliate Liberal opinion. That anxiety is even more clearly legible in the second and fuller *communiqué*, which seems to come from a Russian source, than in the briefer statement, which was probably a joint utterance, sketched by an English draughtsman. With the aid of a singularly illuminating letter in the "Temps" from its London correspondent, it is not difficult to reconstruct the course of the conversation. This French observer, whose personal standpoint is frankly Russophile, betrays in every sentence of his article a dismayed, yet on the whole respectful appreciation of the extent of the British dislike to the Persian policy of the two associated Powers. Russia, he admits, is bent on an active policy in Persia. It is, he thinks, "inevitable" that India should lose her privileged position of isolation. But he consoles us with the reflection that the inevitable, if once we look it in the face, is not after all "very terrible—at least for a few years." It is, in short, only with the future that we are gambling. But he recognises that English opinion is not yet ripe for the unpopular solution of partition, and he predicts that even "so courageous a Minister" as Sir Edward Grey will have to insist, for the time being, on half-measures. That is, we take it, the view current in Franco-Russian diplomatic circles. It is a tribute to the effect of our protests, and an encouragement which should lead us to redouble our vigilance.

That a stage of reconstruction in Persia is inevitable, even those of us who most resented the earlier destructive intervention cannot now deny. The Mejliss has been scattered. The Regent, a man of good intentions but no strength of character, has fled from his difficulties. Some of the chief centres of population are under a cruel and repressive Russian occupation, and others are in a state of chronic anarchy. The finances, since Mr. Shuster's departure, have lapsed into their ancient disorder, and with his personality have vanished also the chances of any unassisted borrowing. Nothing remains of constitution or national government, save a clique of Bakhtiari chieftains, whose ambition apparently it is to prove to the foreign masters of Persia that they can be almost as corrupt and as interested as the Kajar dynasty itself. The Powers have destroyed, and the Powers must build again. The vital question, to our thinking, is

whether they intend to build upon a popular foundation. A Regent must be found, foreign experts installed, and money provided. If these things are done through the Mejliss, then, even though some pressure were exercised and a full freedom of choice restricted, something of Persian nationality would remain. If, on the other hand, the Regent has been chosen in Balmoral, the foreign experts nominated at the Legations, and the loan handed over to them to spend, the subsequent calling of a Mejliss would be a mockery of freedom. So long as a Persian Parliament elects the head of the nation, controls its foreign experts, and determines in principle the expenditure of its finances, the substance of self-government is retained.

But unless Sir Edward Grey has made a very firm stand against Russian pressure, it is unlikely that this essential principle has been respected. Rumor has nominated as Regent a brother of the ex-Shah, trained in the worst school of an abysmally corrupt court. The foreign experts are only too likely to be Russian tools of the type of M. Mornard. The loan, one fears, may be, as was first proposed, simply a fund of which the unchecked administration will make these foreigners the real masters of Persia. If the Mejliss meets on this programme, it will be only a complementary body, summoned rather out of deference to the Liberalism of our past traditions, than with any thought of allowing it a real authority in the shaping of Persian destinies. Yet if one conclusion emerges more clearly than another from Mr. Shuster's masterly book, it is that while the Persian governing class of magnates and princelings is incorrigibly corrupt and incompetent, there is in the middle strata, which sent its best men to the Mejliss, a real intelligence, a readiness to learn, a capacity for trust in any honest guide and friend, and a vein of honest and courageous patriotism. We are the last to deny the need for foreign help amounting even to stringent supervision. But Mr. Shuster's experience proves that there is no need to impose it from without. The Persians themselves, if they are allowed to choose a man whom they will trust, are almost pathetically willing to follow his leadership and to arm him with an ample discretion. Let the Mejliss select its administrators, and, even under the menace of a Russo-British veto, the spirit of nationality may be retained. If Sir Edward Grey has safeguarded this essential, he will still have done something, though tardily and after many a tragic weakness, to fulfil the spirit of his obligations. There is a possibility even worse than partition, and that is the subjection of the whole of Persia to an administration controlled from Teheran by Russian tools.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE electoral situation in the Presidential contest is of a character to baffle the most careful calculations. All three candidates are appealing for support independently of party lines. Mr. Taft solicits the votes of the Conservative wing of the Democrats in the Northern business centres; Dr. Wilson has attuned his speeches to win over Liberal Republicans who distrust Mr. Roosevelt and are

keen Tariff Reformers; Mr. Roosevelt angles for every sort of Radical, and hopes, by his audacious proposals of direct democracy, to improvise a vast voting army of the discontented working classes. Hence, no mere estimates based on party allegiance are of much avail in forecasting the issue. Straw-votes, the informal canvasses of newspapers, and other signs, however, indicate pretty clearly that Mr. Roosevelt has broken so thoroughly the Republican solidarity as to secure for Dr. Wilson the largest number of votes in the Electoral College. Indeed, it seems likely that Mr. Roosevelt himself will secure the second place, leaving the regular Republican nominee a poor third.

But it by no means follows for a certainty that Dr. Wilson will in that event secure the Presidency. Indeed, it is at this juncture that the real excitement may begin. For a candidate, in order to be elected President, must secure, not merely a larger number of votes in the Electoral College, but an absolute majority. If, therefore, Messrs. Taft and Roosevelt between them can obtain 266 or more votes in the Electoral College, they can prevent Dr. Wilson's election by the ordinary procedure. Recourse must then be had to a special provision of the Constitution by which the election devolves upon the House of Representatives, who may choose by ballot any one of the three leading candidates. "But in choosing the President the vote shall be taken by States, the representative of each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice." In only one instance has this provision been actually brought into play—viz., in 1824—when, after a breach in the party-system which brought four powerful candidates into the field, the election devolved upon the House of Representatives, and John Quincy Adams was chosen. But if Dr. Wilson should fail to win the required majority in the Electoral College, is it more likely that he will succeed in securing the vote of a majority of States as represented in the present House? The careful canvass of party allegiance, as set forth in an interesting article in the "North American Review," shows that in order to get election he would have to detach at least three States from their Republican allegiance, and this the writer regards as a "practical impossibility." In that event the House could not elect a President. What would happen then? The resources of the Constitution are not exhausted, for it is there provided that the Vice-President shall act as President. But what if the Electoral College, which has failed to elect a President, also fails to elect a Vice-President, for the latter election also requires an absolute majority? The constitutional provision for this case is different. The election is thrown upon the Senate, choice being restricted to the two persons who had received the highest number of electoral votes. But the Senators would vote as individuals, not as States, and a majority vote would elect. Now the Senate, as at present constituted, contains fifty Republicans and forty-four Democrats, with two vacancies which would probably be filled before the election took place. In any case, it would appear that

there would be a Republican majority, and, as the result of the Electoral College would almost surely be to throw the Senate's choice between Mr. Marshall, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, and Mr. Sherman, who stands for that post upon the regular Republican ticket, it would seem likely that Mr. Sherman would be chosen Vice-President, and would then proceed to take his place as acting President.

The Editor of the "North American Review," however, suggests a further twist in the current of events. If Mr. Roosevelt deemed it advisable to prevent the solid vote of Republican Senators required to elect Mr. Sherman to the Vice-Presidency, he could do so by inducing four of his insurgent Republicans to abstain from voting. What, it might be asked, would be an adequate motive for inducing him to take a step which would create so much confusion? The only answer to this question would be that, if he thought it worth while to keep the electoral pot upon the boil for another year, he could then secure another dip in it for the Presidency. For the careful framers of the Constitution had not neglected to provide for the possibility that both President and Vice-President might fail to be elected, or might die in office. In such an event, the Secretary of State was to act as President until such time as he could convene a Congress and secure another popular vote for an Electoral College. One need not carry the speculation further and inquire what would happen if this extraordinary election issued in a similar stalemate. For it may well be supposed that by that time a sufficient rally of the common sense of the nation would have taken place to ensure some finish to an otherwise interminable conflict. It seems, however, quite upon the cards that the game above indicated may be played up to the point at which the least representative of all elected bodies in America, the Senate, might have the choice of President in their hands, and that, as the net result of all the turmoil, Mr. James S. Sherman might take the place of Mr. Taft in the White House. Indeed, unless Dr. Wilson can next month secure a clear majority over the combined votes for Messrs. Taft and Roosevelt, the absurdity will actually occur that a nation whose declared vote has just been cast in favor of a Radical-Democratic policy will see a Conservative-Republican chosen to execute its will. The avoidance of this absurdity will, no doubt, evoke immense efforts from the followers of Dr. Wilson, whose campaigning policy must be directed with particular energy to secure the two great "pivotal" States, New York and Illinois. It is, indeed, a curious commentary upon American democracy that so much should depend at a critical juncture like the present upon the two great cities, New York and Chicago, which are the greatest repositories of the raw immigrants flowing into America from all the countries of the world, and in which the machine politician wields the widest influence over the hordes of regimented but unassimilated American citizens. Such a strange predicament makes it more and more evident that the first duty of Americans is to overhaul completely the out-of-date machinery of their Federal Constitution, so as to make it compatible with the new needs and conditions of a self-governing nation.

"CARSON, SMITH & CO."

LAST Saturday at Belfast there was a great football match between the Belfast Celtics ("Stripes") and the Distillery ("Whites"). As there had been a deadly riot two Saturdays before, when the Celtics were playing the Linfield ("Blues"), everyone made a point of going, especially as Protestant ministers—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Methodist—had been preaching in the morning, and the solemn League and Covenant had been signed at noon, so that religious passions were unusually inflamed. The match-ground itself was protected by high and strong railings all round the grass, and by a large force of the Irish Constabulary, extended at about two yards' interval, while bodies of them were held in reserve at both ends. The ninepenny stands on one side, and the sixpenny stands on the other, were almost equally crowded, and as soon as the teams appeared it was evident that the ninepenny and sixpenny crowds held divergent opinions upon religious and political subjects.

One rarely sees such intense enthusiasm for different ideals of thought and life as was displayed, without a moment's pause, throughout the game, which lasted an hour and a half. According as "Stripes" or "Whites" prevailed, one side or other of the ground yelled and cheered with ecstatic delight; not in mere admiration of the skill displayed, but because they felt their views upon theology and statecraft confirmed. Sitting among the ninepennies, I soon found myself uncongenial to the surrounding atmosphere. For the Celtics were winning, and when I applauded a magnificent piece of play that led to their first goal, the savage looks and threats around me, combined with the whispered warnings of my friends, informed me that my sportsmanly approval was misplaced. After that, whenever the "Whites" played well, a man at my side shouted, "To Hell with the Pope!" as though a professional's aptitude in propelling a leather ball with his foot affected the eternal destiny of His Holiness in the Vatican.

So, amid the wildest expressions of opinion upon various aspects of Christianity and government, the match continued, till, in the end, the police were set in cordons across the entrances of the side streets, and after a little stone-throwing and fighting, they induced the opposing theologians to return to their separate quarters of the city without much bloodshed. The Ulster question appeared to be symbolised in that scene. There one saw the dominance of ninepence over sixpence, the passionate antipathy of two races possessed by different ideals of life, the religious hatred, and, worse than all, the rankling memories of old battles, old victories, bloody persecutions, and the shameless oppression of many centuries.

Nearly all the ninepennies were Unionists; nearly all the sixpennies were Home Rulers. Up to now it has been the inborn belief of the British race that the rich should rule. Owing to their own qualities and the favor of the English government, the descendants of English or Scottish invaders and plantation-men have become the richest section in Ireland, and, as the richest, they have claimed an ascendancy in government; and not only in government but in all social life. Like all invaders—like the Mohammedan invaders of India, for instance—they have regarded the "natives," the "aborigines," or the "mere Irish," as they always used to call them, as uncivilised and superstitious tribes, little better than savages. That ignorant contempt has been the bottom curse of Ireland's history, and the late Lord Salisbury expressed it well when, speaking at Derry in 1893, he compared the Ulster Scots and English with the Chosen People establishing their habitation in the promised land of the Hittites, Perizzites, and Jebusites. No Ulster Protestant of the old school gasps at that comparison. To all it seems natural and literally true. Within the last three weeks I have heard it repeated time after time by Protestant ministers, who often coupled it with triumphant references to the slaughter of the Amalekites. "We Ulstermen are the chosen instruments of God's purposes," said one self-satisfied preacher. "We Unionists of Ulster are specially favored by the Almighty, or we should not be here," cried Mr. William

Moore, M.P., at Portadown, and the statement was received with the cheers that always greet an accepted platitude. There is no need to mock. The appeal to success was Cromwell's evidence of God's favor. It is the basis of Mr. Kipling's Imperialism and his pride in "God's Englishman." We really make the same appeal when we point to the extension of our Empire over subject races, and to the multiplication of English-speaking tongues.

But now that this conscious superiority, so obviously ordained by heaven, is threatened, and some danger of social and political equality with the aboriginal Canaanites has come into view, we cannot wonder that hereditary and immemorial pride suffers a shock. There is some genuine fear of increased and unequal taxation. There is much genuine hatred of the Pope, and some genuine fear of Romanish control, especially in education (a causeless fear, for the best observers in Ireland see very plainly that Home Rule will loosen the hold of Rome, as apart from Catholicism; and that is why the Roman hierarchy, as apart from the village priesthood, has always opposed it, and is trying to wreck it now). But the chief shock falls on social and inherited pride—a pride sedulously nurtured by rancorous or triumphant memories. If the true history could be taught on both sides, or, better still and hardly more difficult, if the whole history of three hundred years could be swept into oblivion, one sometimes thinks the problem of racial hostility might be solved. Dismantle the walls of Derry, send its old guns to Liverpool as armament for Mr. F. E. Smith's navy, make it a penal offence to mention "the Maiden City" or "the City of the Violated Treaty," to speak of William III. or Sarsfield, and to use such phrases as "the God of our Fathers" or "Civil and Religious Liberty"; burst every Orange drum, and burn every Orange scarf with Jacob's Ladders, skull-and-crossbones, pikes, symbolic signs, King Williams, and all its trumpery; abolish "Dolly's Brae," "Boyne Water," and all the Orange songs declaring the Ulster blood is red and the Irish blood is black; obliterate all the hideous and obsolete memories upon which the young of Unionists and Nationalists are suckled, and one may believe the whole question would fall into nothingness. But these memories are not obliterated. They are cherished with the utmost solicitude, preserved with far greater care than the Irish Crown jewels or the noblest works of historic art in Dublin museums.

From early association one can appreciate the dominant character of Protestant Ulster very well, for many of us were brought up to a similar aspect of God and the world. To many of us also the Pope was the central enemy of mankind, and Protestantism the greatest spiritual triumph of history. We know the gravity, the sobriety, and sturdiness that such faith may give to the nobler minds. But we know also how narrow and unimaginative their outlook on life may become, how inadequate in knowledge, and self-righteous in behavior and condemnation. The fanaticism that even fifty years ago inspired them in this country is slowly dying down, but in the north-east corner of Ulster it blazes still; or rather, it can be made to blaze if fanned by the winds of ancient rhetoric and traditional appeals. That was the deep disservice of Sir Edward Carson, Mr. F. E. Smith, and their band of associates. Their breath rekindled the weary old fires, and, like smoke, we saw arising the mounted guards, the lancers, the dummy rifles, the toy cannon, and flags lowered in royal honor to an Englishman and a Dublin barrister, chiefly known in Ireland for his embittered prosecutions of the Irish. It was interesting to watch how they endured that kind of atmosphere for ten days running, and never allowed their solemnity to break under it in public. The fume of vanity offered by local fanaticism mounted to their heads, or, adopting Disraeli's famous phrase, may we say they were inebriated by the exuberance of their own verbosity? When Sir Edward Carson proclaimed that "the call on the Government to prosecute him rather exhilarated him," and that "he didn't care twopence whether the pledge of the Covenant was treason or not"; when Mr. F. E. Smith, defying the British Navy, announced that

he had three ships ready to convey rebels to Ulster under the direction of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, one could not but remember the famous mouse that tasted a drop of whisky spilt on the floor, ran back to his hole, tasted again, and lapped up the lot, brushed up his whiskers, leant against the wainscot, and cried, "Now, where's that sanguinary cat?"

"Righteous resistance," said Lord Hugh Cecil at Enniskillen, "is the basis of all our liberties." I suppose we all accept that as an axiom, but the stress lies on the word "righteous." The whole policy of the Carson-Smith party is to make resistance appear righteous, while, at the same time, they are speculating in their hearts upon the fall of the Government, while marking time for two years. They are gambling with threats of violence against the chances of the Government's collapse, and they think the collapse so likely that they pile up their stakes. Of one thing I am confident: if the Government held firmly by Home Rule; if with equal zeal they pursued the principles of true Liberalism and democracy at home and abroad; and if they could inspire again in this country that personal and moral enthusiasm such as a few of our past statesmen have inspired, then within a few weeks or months of the Royal sanction to the Bill, we should hear no more of Ulster fighting and being right, but her people would take their natural place in the management of the island where, for good or evil, they have come to stay. But if the long hope of the majority of the Irish nation is again disappointed when its fulfilment seems so close; if that most passionate and intimate desire is again thwarted by the weakness of a British Government bowing to the brag or vanity of a few inveterate and intolerant enemies, some of whom do not even belong to the country, one will hardly have to ask on which side the righteousness of resistance will then lie.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

Life and Letters.

DAILY SHAW FOR DAILY NEEDS.

No question is discussed more assiduously and less conclusively in certain circles than how far Bernard Shaw is to be "taken seriously." The form the question takes is itself indicative of much. For it suggests the dense cloud of suspicion with which a world of dull people has managed to protect itself against the educated influences of wit. Not content with decrying the identity of wit with wisdom, they have even striven to secure a general recognition of the two as contradictories. They have so far succeeded that any one who wishes to exert a real influence upon important affairs of life, as a speaker or a writer, is well advised to keep under careful control any qualities of sparkle or of playfulness with which Nature may have endowed him. Still more fatal to influence on a career is the use of chaff, satire, irony, or any of those intellectual instruments involving exaggeration or other feigned perversion of "facts." When, therefore, a man comes among us with a mind that is a distorting mirror and a tongue that is a galvanic battery, and brings this mind and tongue to bear upon our most settled convictions and our most sacred institutions and habits, we ought to have no difficulty in dismissing him as a jester from whose intellectual antics, though occasionally offensive, we are entitled to draw just what amusement we can. For we know very well that as long as we can amuse ourselves with Shaw, we shall not have to learn from him, or to do as he tells us.

And we do not want to learn from one whom we feel to be a "dangerous" teacher. How do we know he is "dangerous," if we have never allowed ourselves to treat him seriously? The question is, indeed, an awkward one, for it implies that we, too, have not been quite serious in our pretence of treating Shaw as a great jester. May it not be the case that Shaw has deliberately decided that the only way by which he can sow his revolutionary seed is by pretending to let us play with him? He would

never have got a public to listen to his outrageous opinions on religion and morals, marriage, property, science, and art, unless he had insinuated them in forms which suggested that they need not "be taken seriously." In choosing for most of his witty utterances that art of the stage which in England has been most abandoned to sheer levity, he may have chosen the line of least resistance. Whether he chose aright may possibly be doubted. The brilliancy of his displays of cold argument, the rarer outbursts of vehement emotion, the extraordinary resourcefulness of his intelligence, sometimes suggest that the open advocacy of a statesman, a preacher, or an essayist, would have done more for his revolutionary ideas than this perilous masquerade.

This suggestion will no doubt be scornfully repudiated, both by those who hold that Shaw's true and distinctive *métier* is the stage, and by those who think that though his true rôle is the social philosopher, he rightly selected the stage-play as his method of expression. On the face of the facts relating to Shaw's life, there is much to say for this view. In his earlier career he had practised brilliantly in various fields of literature and public speaking, but the inherent value of his ideas and opinions won little interest or understanding. Not until the enticements of his stage-craft captured the larger cultured public, did he get an opportunity to preach to the unconverted. Are they listening to his preaching now? We cannot tell. The curious instinctive cunning by which a shallow, pleasure-loving, self-complacent public can evade all contact with disturbing thoughts, getting an agreeable titillation from the sharpest fangs of criticism, is a notorious accomplishment. As we read the pages of a volume of "Selected Passages from the Writings of Bernard Shaw," excellently chosen by his wife, and published by Messrs. Constable, we think, however, that we understand a little better than before both the merits and the defects of Shaw's doctrines and method. The task of reformation thrust upon those who would truly "follow Shaw," would be so multifarious and so drastic that ordinary flesh and blood would shrink from contemplating it. Mere economic Socialism, with a reconstruction of industry and property, securing an absolute equality of income for all men, is lost as a mere detail in the project of a revaluation of all values, spiritual, intellectual, and physical, amounting to a complete reversal of accepted standards. For the scope of his paradoxes, as disclosed in this collection, amounted to nothing less than this. And we can even understand why it must be so. It comes from the opposed consistency of Shaw upon the one hand, and that of the world he deals with on the other. Shaw claims to be the man of normal vision, who sees things as they are—a realist. British humanity at large is exhibited as a muddle-headed sentimentalist, applying wrong valuations to everything, but with a consistency in doing so which comes from the secret harmony of coarse instincts that are its real driving force. This being so, it follows that every judgment Shaw pronounces will seem to be a paradox, every practical proposal a revolution.

Now, there is this difficulty in the situation. Suppose Shaw to have a monopoly of absolutely normal vision, so that his "realism" is the correct realism, and other persons' vision and realism are correspondingly defective, how can he possibly get them to recognise and correct their error? They can only be amenable to his influence by virtue of some normality of vision and capacity of realism which he has seemed to deny them. This, we venture to suggest, is not a mere point of casuistry. It discloses what we hold to be a radical defect of Shaw's teaching, the defective recognition of the true guidance of the fundamental feelings and the half-rational, half-instinctive common sense, which are only partially distorted in the sentimental valuations that he lashes so mercilessly. His repudiation, for example, of "idealism, which is only a flattering name for romance in politics and morals," often carries him pretty close to a narrowly biological interpretation of life, hardly relieved by a spice of private mysticism, wrapped up in phrases about the life-force, which, if they have any meaning, carry an idealism of their own.

For it can be no secret to any student of Shaw's work that his realism is choke-full alike of idealism and sentimentalism. Shaw is not really the bloodless intellectualist he is sometimes pictured. The proof of this statement lies in the impassioned humanitarianism which gives sap and vigor to his savage denunciation of all forms of cruelty, from the treatment of women and children in the family circle by the stronger animal man, to the organised, or more strictly speaking, mechanised, brutality of our criminal system. The worst disservice done to him is, indeed, in the cult he suffers from little cliques of smart disciples who feign for him a philosophy of life which, it is fair to say, he never claims, and to which his writings give little support. Regard him primarily as the most audacious, subtle, and artistically efficient critic of the British character, as it works out individually and collectively in our current attitudes and institutions, applying to this task a wit, the skilful exercise of which is in itself a ceaseless interest and pleasure, and he becomes quite intelligible. Take, as an example of the rapid sword, or rather rapier, play, which is his chief weapon, the following speech of his "Don Juan," addressed to the Devil:—

"Your friends are all the dullest dogs I know. They are not beautiful: they are only decorated. They are not clean: they are only shaved and starched. They are not dignified: they are only fashionably dressed. They are not educated: they are only college passmen. They are not religious: they are only pew-renters. They are not moral: they are only conventional. They are not virtuous: they are only cowardly. They are not even vicious: they are only 'frail.' They are not artistic: they are only lascivious. They are not prosperous: they are only rich. They are not loyal: they are only servile; not dutiful, only sheepish; not public-spirited, only patriotic; not courageous, only obtuse; not self-respecting, only vain; not kind, only sentimental; not social, only gregarious; not considerate, only polite; not intelligent, only opinionated; not progressive, only factious; not imaginative, only superstitious; not just, only vindictive; not generous, only propitiatory; not disciplined, only cowed; and not truthful at all—liars every one of them, to the very backbone of their souls."

Every thrust gets home and lets in the light. What various force in the discriminative use of adjectives! What a catalogue of characteristic defects! What would be the defence? That it is unfair exaggeration, a catalogue of half-truths? Perhaps. But is that a defence against a man who poses, not as a colorless assessor, but as an impassioned reformer? Is not such a hammering to be welcomed if only it hammer into shape? The disclaimers of idealism, sentimentalism, romance, we read as a cover for the advance of a juster, clearer-sighted humanism. It is in the close-packed literary and dramatic application of this humanism to the concrete problems of life that Shaw's conspicuous service lies. We are so accustomed to sloppy generalisations and the emasculation of strong ideas that we refuse to regard as "serious" just the plainest propositions of his creed. Ruskin, a sentimentalist of the last generation, made precisely the same complaint, that, however closely and carefully he wrote, he could not get people to believe that he meant what he said on any matter where he thought, felt, and spoke most plainly. Shaw will perhaps wince at this comparison with Ruskin. But in spite of obvious differences, we find a fundamental likeness between the two which is sometimes startling. The following passage from "Major Barbara" we could conceive to have been penned almost word for word by Ruskin.

"There are two things that must be set right, or we shall perish, like Rome, of soul atrophy disguised as empire. The first is that the daily ceremony of dividing the wealth of the country among its inhabitants shall be so conducted that no crumb shall go to any able-bodied adults who are not producing by their personal exertions not only a full equivalent for what they take, but a surplus sufficient to provide for their superannuation and pay back the debt due for their nurture. The second is that the deliberate infliction of malicious injuries which now goes on under the name of punishment be abandoned."

How much also of the spirit of Nietzsche, Tolstoy, and other modern teachers is found in Shaw, is not worth discussing. For no one can dispute his originality, and his earnest desire to make other people original by forcing them to think, feel, and act for themselves. Whether in order to do this they require to have what is called a theory of life is, however, open to dispute. One of the

most doubtful aphorisms in this volume is the assertion, "Life is a thing of which it is important to have a theory; yet most people take it for granted, and go on living for no better reason than that they find themselves alive." But what "better reason" can they have? Shaw assuredly provides none in this volume or elsewhere, and no blame to him for not doing what is so unnecessary.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL.

CAN it be true, as the well-informed assure us, that the hero of the great fight with "Slogger Williams" has only this week passed away from among us? Not literally so, we think, for though Mr. Orlebar may have contributed items to the history of Tom Brown, we imagine that that typical schoolboy of the mid-nineteenth century was a composite character who derived a great part of his personality from his creator himself. But what strikes the imagination is that the hero of that classical encounter should have been alive till within the last few days. It seems almost as remote as one of the Homeric battles. And yet the type has survived unchanged, and still flourishes in full vigor. "Tom Brown's Schooldays" describes, among other things, the reform of the public school system by Arnold, and the so-called public school remains where Arnold left it, unchanged in spirit, in essence, though modernising itself in a few details, to the present day. The very name is peculiarly English. We have public schools which educate some millions of scholars, are maintained at the public expense, and are governed by public bodies; but it is not these institutions, though they cover the country from John o' Groat's to Land's End, that we think of in ordinary speech when we hear of "public schools." We mean by this term institutions for the education of boys of the directing classes, and it is typical of the persistence of aristocratic habits of mind among us, that it should be the school for the boy of these classes which occupies in the public mind the position of the "public school" *par excellence*. In any other country, this phrase would mean the school available for the use of all classes alike. As is the name, so is the thing. The "public school" is eminently characteristic of the class which it represents. The older public schools, having absorbed the endowments intended for poor scholars, are the natural preserves of the rich men's sons, destined to the higher posts in law or under Government. The later public schools, less amply endowed, supply the professions and the higher walks of business. There are grades among them, illustrated by the tradition—doubtless mythical but long-subsisting—at one of the younger public schools of the Etonian reply to a cricket challenge: "Harrow we know, and Winchester we know, but who are ye?" Nevertheless, the public school type, as re-modelled by Arnold, is fairly uniform, and has the excellences and defects of the governing class for whom it caters, whose spirit it faithfully represents and serves. Its virtues are those of pluck, honesty, good-comradeship, patriotism in all its senses, moderation, and good form. Regarded as an educational institution, it is charged by outside critics with a paradoxical neglect of an element which is generally supposed to be material to, and to have some not wholly inessential connection with, the art of teaching—namely, the faculty of intelligence. To this charge, public schoolmasters are apt to retort that character is more than intelligence, and intelligence more than book-knowledge. So far as the two things can be separated, the reply is true to the point of platitude. But it does not take into consideration the question of whether it would not be equally possible to discipline character along with intelligence, and whether the qualities of perseverance, pluck, and stamina may not be as necessary to success in the intellectual world as in the cricket field.

But in reality, the resistance of the public school system to education in the intellectual sense is more deeply rooted than appears. It is a part of its system to breed true to type. But men cannot be turned out "true to type" if too much encouragement is given

to the thinking powers. A critic of the system would be best advised in point of fact in directing his remarks not so much to the neglect of the intellect, as to the deadening of the imagination. For the destruction of that imaginative interest in things, which governing classes find so dangerous, and the first hint of which in the young fills the parent with a natural alarm, surely no better means could be devised than the teaching of the classics as practised in an English public school. How well one remembers sitting down, at twelve or thirteen, to hammer out twenty lines of the "Orestes" for to-morrow morning's first lesson! How those particles bothered us! What terrible complications ensued in the verbs in μ ! And what awful possibilities were opened up by a conditional clause! As to what Orestes was saying, or what Electra, or why they said it, or what they meant, that was not part of the lesson. We had to construe right, and if we had at least looked out all the words and avoided grammatical howlers, we escaped detention. It was not the catastrophe of the play, but the catastrophe of being put on two lines beyond the prepared point, which hung over the mind as a brooding cloud. We cheered up a little when Helen was killed, for we welcomed the disappearance of any of the *dramatis personæ*—or, indeed, any incident that was likely to shorten the play—with enthusiasm. As to drama, what was there of it? How could there be any sense of the dramatic in a play of 1,500 or 1,600 lines, spun out through a term, at the rate of twenty lines or so a day, on three cold, dark mornings in the week? We closed the book at the end of term with an aversion from Euripides, never wholly dispelled until Professor Murray's translations appeared.

Of course, no human master ever set himself to say: "Euripides and dramatists generally are dangerous persons who make young men think about the problems of human life; let us, therefore, poison their minds against them in childhood." But if they had thought that, they could not have taken more effective steps, so far as the classics were concerned. Doubtless it is not all as bad as this. For older and cleverer boys at the top of the school, classics begin to be interesting. True, the philology is still foremost, and it is more important to know the various readings in a speech of Nicias than to appreciate the tragedy and significance of the Syracusan expedition. Still, a boy of seventeen or eighteen in the Upper Sixth reads Thucydides at a reasonable pace, and begins to appreciate the story as a whole. We may recall that it was the tears which Arthur shed over the mourning for Hector, which brought upon him the wrath of the Slogger, and precipitated that same fight whose memory Mr. Orlebar's death has revived. But the fact remains that, after nine or ten years spent on Greek and Latin and on little else, a boy leaves school with a very inadequate mastery of the language, a mastery not comparable, we take it, with that of the medieval Latinist, who could converse in the acquired tongue; and with a one-sided and often pedantic appreciation of the Hellenic spirit.

Regarded as a vehicle of education, the classics, as they are often treated, have the singular demerit of spilling all that is most precious in their contents. But of course, neither the classics, nor anything else in the world of intellect, is the essential medium of education for the public school. They form the official exterior. A boy is supposed to pass in them, as it were, but he takes honors in cricket or football. He must be, in the first place, a good fellow; in the second place, a good cricketer; and in the third place—*longo intervallo*—must show a decent attention to what is nominally the subject of instruction. We are far from saying that the public schools wholly fail in this ideal, or that the ideal itself is worthless. What is most unfortunate about it, perhaps, is that it has emphasised the virtues which are peculiarly national, while it has omitted, and even obstructed, the correctives to the defects to which, as a nation, we are equally prone. It has been said in our own days that Scotland and Wales are enthusiastic for education, and that England is resigned to it. If education is used in the broader sense, which includes the intellect and the imagination, we are not sure about

the resignation. Certainly, as far as the directing classes are concerned, there is a good deal of passive resistance. And when, having taken the education of the working classes in hand, the nation turns its attention to the well-to-do, it will probably have to begin with the Universities. There the elements of a wider and more liberal conception were preserved, even through the dark ages of the eighteenth century, and, in spite of much narrowness and obscurantism, they have been a living and a growing force ever since the reforms of the nineteenth century. When the Universities demand a higher standard of attainment, the public schools will have to follow suit.

THE WILD HARVEST.

Down the lane goes an old woman with a load of blackberries. On one arm she carries the little picking basket, on the other a large one in two divisions full of the many-bubbled fruit. "How many pounds have you picked this year?" she is asked, and replies that it is a poor season, and there are not many berries about. To the suggestion that she has at any rate picked a hundredweight, she answers, "Yes; I suppose I have had that many." Truly it needs an expert to decide that the crop is below the average. The hedges are yards thick, and we must allow for the great unproductive core of them, but the external show is a richer one than most of our garden shrubberies of raspberries or logans have produced. At every point the prolific brambles thrust into the sunshine bunches of fruit, ranging from the green that has just thrust off its blossom to half-a-dozen or so of deep black "berries" ready for picking. In a yard of hedge, taking it from the top to the lowest sprays that touch the ground, you would think you might pick a pound of fruit, and, either picked or unpicked, there are miles of such hedges along the lanes and between the fields.

We can scarcely imagine how many tons of blackberries are sent out of our countryside by rail. Most hedgerows have their pickers on a fine morning. They take their baskets full to a central village, where the agent gives them three-halfpence a pound. A dozen or a hundred agents focus their tons of fruit on a central town, and there the railway takes them by the truck-load, perhaps to a jam factory, perhaps to some less rural town, where they sell retail for fourpence or sixpence. It is a strange fact that while acres of cultivated apples and pears are lying on the ground and perishing because it would not pay to pick them up, the wild fruits are being picked at much greater expenditure of labor per pound, and apparently marketed with profit. Much more money could be made by picking up apples at a farthing a pound, or even at sixpence a hundredweight, than by picking blackberries at three-halfpence a pound, and an orchard of apples can be bought for the merest trifle. But one seems to be one's own mistress when one picks blackberries from Nature's own vines, and, taking them to the post-office, receives money for them like a merchant. It is thus, at any rate as far as the picking goes, that our ancestors received God's bounty, and the ritual element in the picking of wild fruits outweighs all the superior economic advantages of the hired laborer.

We have improved the wild fruits mostly in the direction of size and juiciness, but the hedglings are in almost general demand on the score of flavor. Blackberry jam and bilberry jam are hard to beat among all the pots of the most variously stocked pantry, and if the numerous stones of the blackberry are a drawback, we can eliminate them and make a jelly that has absolutely no compeer. The country housewife will not, if she can help it, make a plum wine without adding a few sloes to give it the little roughness that every connoisseur likes; sloe gin is incomparable among cordials; but the best of all conserves is the sloe cheese, once always to be found in country-house stores, though now rather rarely met with. In most years, that is in about two years out of three, we must do without sloes, for the blossom comes just at the time of the spring frosts, but this year the

hedges are bravely decked with the blue-bloomed fruit. Off a single group of three trees, we have picked the three pounds needed for sloe gin, and have left apparently a full crop on the branches. A few yards away the nut bushes begin with bunches of four and five in abundance, every rod pulled down yielding its pocketfull. Everyone says that it is a great year of nuts as well as of sloes. Not even cheap sugar is needed to preserve them for our winter feasts. Those that we crack now justify the proverb, "As sweet as a nut," and at Christmas they will only have parted with some of their moisture to accord better with the dried fruits that belong to that season. The modern practice of grinding nuts and using them as a sweetener of flour in our cookies has increased the demand for this particular gift of the hedges. Not if they were turned into gold could the pleasure be increased of pulling down the tall canes, and relieving them of the round treasures they are about to slip from their leafy fingers.

Elderberry confections have not gone completely out of fashion, though more than nine-tenths of the trees are left for the birds, which plunder their black harvest earlier than any other. There is no richer, more full-blooded decoction than elderberry wine, which is not, however, generally brewed for the taste of the wine-bibber. Its generous juice is given almost the consistency of treacle and the flavor of liquorice, and is administered to us in small doses of hot mull for our colds. Almost innumerable are the virtues given to the elder by Culpepper. The first shoots boiled like asparagus "do mightily carry forth phlegm and choler," the berries "are given with good success to help the dropsy," and for both purposes the inner bark is a yet stronger remedy. A decoction of the roots cures the bite of an adder and bites of mad dogs; "the juice of the leaves snuffed up in the nostrils, purges the tunicles of the brain." Our modern doctors apparently leave the tunicles of the brain unpurged, there being no other remedy in nature or science, and the practice of herbary having become furiously unorthodox.

The rose tribe is the most generous contributor to our wealth. It is headed by the crab apple, whose trees have been mysteriously scattered far from habitations, in woods and in hedgerows, and are this year thickly covered with extraordinarily sour little apples. The sourness all ranks as flavor. It seems to have an English quality that has been bred out of the cosmopolitan Cox's Orange Pippin or Duchess of Oldenburg. There is no apple confection like crab-apple jelly. A cynic might declare that it was all sugar, but undoubtedly there comes through the sophistication something of the original tartness and roughness that no other apple can contribute. Of the seas of vinegar that the modern world consumes, scarcely pints are brewed from crab-apples, and yet that is the only true vinegar. The others are syrups soured with a ferment, and none of the cleanest, but the wild apple presents us with something as pure as the juice of the lemon, with which the epicure prefers to season his salad.

There is a sweet flesh upon the hips, between the rind and the prickly-haired seeds, of which our ancestors made a much esteemed conserve. The rose had quite as many virtues as the elder, some of the conserves, or electuaries, or what not, only coming to their full virtue after several years of keeping. Haws would better repay the modern conserve-maker who has not the patience of her forerunners, because they are rather more fleshy and the seeds more easily got out. This year a more generous fruit is in abundance, the white-beam berries being in extraordinary force. Anyone would know it for a wholesome wild product, though we cannot find it in Culpepper, and have not known it to be preserved. We could pick a quart of the bunches in a very short time, and if we followed Culpepper, should thus make of it a joy till a white-beam harvest came again:—

"Conserve of fruits, as barberries, sloes, and the like, are thus made: First scald the fruit, then rub the pulp through a thick hair sieve made for the purpose, called a pulping sieve; you may do it for a need with the back of a spoon; then take this pulp thus drawn and add to it its weight of sugar and no more; put it into a powder vessel over a charcoal fire, stir it

up and down till the sugar be melted, and your conserve is made."

So much for the conserve. The preserve, on the other hand, is made by boiling in the water from which the fruit has been strained a pound of sugar to each pint of liquor, and then boiling four ounces of the pulp in each pound of the syrup. As soon as a drop of the preserve will set on a trencher without sticking to the fingers when cold, it is done. How much more solid were the preserves of our ancestors than the watery jams of to-day! It is thus that our wild treasures should be embalmed—in precious half-pound pots, of which every spoonful should be taken with thanksgiving and appreciation of its peculiar virtues. They are also good for oils, juleps, lozocks, ointments, troches, and other concentrated essences, the very names of which have disappeared from the ordinary household vocabulary. Or they are just for the feast of the eye, and then for the prodigal birds to scatter. At any rate, we like to see them in plenty, as they are this year.

Short Studies.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

On the evening after he met the Spirit of the Fear of Death he remembered a man once saying: "Undoubtedly air and earth are full of spirits. Every place has its own, though we are not always aware of it, and far from always take heed of it. Yes; every place, every valley and street, every tree and gateway and crossing of roads. And not only every place, but every hour. They are good and evil; they are simple and complex. Some are new and some very ancient. Some are true, some are false, powerful, and usurping spirits."

A month before he would have laughed at this. He did not believe, and he thought himself incapable of belief. He held the spirit to be one of those the man called false, powerful, and usurping spirits. . . . He had always thought himself one of the least unfortunate of men. Since he was a child he had never been ill, and his childish illnesses meant not pain but idleness and luxury, and recovery was a delicious ecstasy of content. At home and at school he had his own way by means of a quietly self-willed nature that knew when to modify its desires. For nearly forty years his life was unruffled and undarkened. Above all, he never knew death. Some children at school with him must have died, but either the news never reached his ears or it went no farther. No companion was snatched away. His brother and sisters, like himself, enjoyed health which was at least equal to the demands on it; his parents were still alive. There was a cousin of his mother's, whom he had never seen, who disappeared in South America, and he heard him spoken of as probably dead. He never witnessed an accidental death. Twice he remembered *now*—though it made no apparent impression at the time—he saw the body of a dead human being: one was a woman drawn out of a pond; the other was a man lying on the pavement, his face covered by a handkerchief, a policeman standing by writing in a pocket-book. He was familiar with the idea of death in books. As to the fact of death, he was so far uninitiated that until the time of which I am speaking he did not believe that he himself ever could die, or that anyone connected with him could do a thing so extreme and extraordinary. Yet he read books and saw plays with no excessive lack of sensibility. The idea of death thus produced gave a feeling of solemnity such as one has at a ceremony or in passing down the silent aisle of a cathedral. He read of as many murders as other men, but they familiarised him only with the fact that, under circumstances that would always be foreign to him, other men, different men, had ceased to live. Poison, decapitation, drowning, starving, old age unequal to another heart-beat, failed to evoke a spirit or form of Death.

A tranquillity approaching languor was the habitual mood of his life, and it was as profound as it had ever

been one morning in July. The whole season had moved forward with a wonderful processional effect of nights and days. He would have liked to be a painter like Mantegna to paint that Summer in a long, stately procession of joyous figures, all different, yet all of one superb family, some turning back, some bending forward eagerly, to give a word or a caress to one immediately before or behind. If only he could have made drapery or nakedness suggest the days which belong to the heavens, and those which were rather earth's, the female figures of gentle rain and of tender, flying splendors, the masculine figures of calm, full sunlight, of thunder, and of great wind by night! Sometimes there was a week of perfect days, each as like the last as a sister, and the youngest the loveliest; then followed a dull day, equally but wildly beautiful, and this one also had a sisterly likeness such as we see in the one small, strange, dark child of a tall, golden-haired family; and again a day neither dark nor light—perhaps both—and this he would have painted with one hand stretched forward to the dark predecessor, and one held back, trembling, to the glorious successor.

The day he was now remembering was still at first, cloudy, and warm, and the roses were past counting in mists of dew, and blackbirds flitted about with beaks distended by red cherries. He did not know how, but at length the sky became a blue Pacific for heavily laden white galleons slowly and silently crossing it. Athwart these, but nearer earth, crept looser clouds of the color of scorched paper, and suddenly the woods roared with rain far off, and nearer and nearer, until there was nothing else but rain. Almost as suddenly the air was clear, and overhead was the same fleet, the same blue, and in the garden the same blackbirds with red cherries in their beaks. Again, there fell a shower, so dense that the air seemed heavier than the earth; and nevertheless a pale light on the horizon foretold its end even at its height. Soon the sun shone out of pure blue, and cool, moist, white clouds. The wood still roared, but like a dove, while the foliage threshed and foamed out of light into shade and to and fro, all alive and rapturous like a sea, tossing all ways but harmoniously, with innumerable greens and greys and whites; and the fresh multitudinous motion of all this joy told that the wood was as sweet as the clouds and as full of air.

The man watched his children. Their eyes were shining with all the fire of the sun and liquidity of the rain. Sometimes they stayed out through the showers and contented themselves with grumbling. They took no notice of the man watching them.

He was sitting without motion but restless. The rustling of the trees in rain and wind had been like a fever since he got up, as if every leaf were attached to a nerve in his body, so that he heard the noise, not with ears only, but with all his flesh, every inch of it. The lulls brought no relief. On the contrary, the calm gave him a sense of calamity preparing, and he was moved to cry out for the dreaded rustling, to make sure that nothing more than that was to emerge from the silence. At length he tried to walk, but his heart beat fast; he thought that he had forgotten something—he knew not what. He returned, but set out again, and was stopped by a choking in his throat and a pressure upon his brain from ears and temples. He saw the beauty of the day and the joy of the children as in a mouldering book with no reality. Yet he could not keep his eyes from off them. He devoured every motion and sound they made like a glutton who has no pleasure from the morsel in his mouth for anticipation of the one to come. When they hid among the trees, the familiar objects in the room and garden acquired a ridiculous, a terrible significance. All were as dead as the two inches of brown pencil on his table. They looked strange yet paltry. They had fallen out of the harmony of things and stood menacing in isolation. His brain within his ears ached with the use of his eyes and with striving to recover the old order that used to make the garden and the house full, if not of melodies, yet of snatches of tunes. So also within his mind, things came up and disappeared of their own free will and as unexpectedly as frogs in a pond. Some he tried to drive out,

but the effort to repel them actually made them stay or return. Then, suddenly, the youngest child came running out and stood under his window, rapt in some thought or imagination. She had been crying, but though the tears were not dry on her cheeks, she smiled, and the tears themselves were shining, and her bright eyes were brighter than ever with unshed tears. With her fair hair over her glistening eyes she was an image of that beautiful day and its passions of wild rain and lucid calms. She was the happiest of living things; in the middle of the night she would wake up and call for someone and tell them an absurdity that had suddenly occurred to her, then burst out laughing and fall back on her pillow, and be asleep before the others knew whether to be indignant. The man watched her and his pain had ceased. He was nothing but eyes, and they saw nothing but the child. Slowly she moved away, with one, two, three, four, five steps to a gate, opened it musingly, held it open, and with a run let it bang, and herself disappeared.

The demon of that day took possession of the man with a swoop. Suddenly he remembered the extraordinary good fortune, the ease, the absence of death and pain in his past life. The memory was one of horror and instant fear. It was the spirit of fear that had swooped upon him—the spirit of the Fear of Death. He feared the death of his child. He thought that by all that ease and security of many years he had deserved, nay! had laid up for himself assuredly, extreme calamity. He was to be punished for a sin, and the punishment was suspended over him and over that lovely gentle head, and was even now descending to strike. It would be sudden and swifter even than swiftest anticipation. But he still had her in his eyes. He was like a man holding the broken reins of a runaway horse and frantically trying to control it with them. He was trying to save her. He was dreaming that he could destroy the order of Nature by a unique miracle. He was conscious of being alone and against an awful power. Because such a triumph had never fallen to a man before, it seemed certain now that it would be his, that he was to make death pass by without touching this one victim. He had a feeling of exultation approaching. He called silently for the enemy to come up swiftly to the encounter. And it was granted. The Spirit of the Fear of Death stood before him, mighty and dark. His eyes were closed and he could not see it. It was as a tree suddenly apprehended half a pace ahead in the black night. He was waiting in the calmness of power for the conflict; but why was the enemy so still? He waited—how long he could never know. When he opened his eyes the child was at his knee; she had taken his hand and was leading him into the garden to see the snapdragons. And in the evening he remembered the man saying that air and earth were full of spirits, and he believed that he had been the victim of one that was false, powerful, and usurping.

EDWARD THOMAS.

The Drama.

SIGNIFICANT AND INSIGNIFICANT.

"Hindle Wakes." By Stanley Houghton. Produced by the Horniman Company, and transferred to the Court Theatre.

* Mrs. Hawthorn	Miss ADA KING
Christopher Hawthorn	Mr. LEONARD MUDIE
* Fanny Hawthorn	Miss MURIEL PRATT
Mrs. Jeffcote	Miss DAISY ENGLAND
* Nathaniel Jeffcote	Mr. HERBERT LOMAS
Ada	Miss HILDA DAVIES
Alan Jeffcote	Mr. J. V. BRYANT
Sir Timothy Farrar	Mr. FEWELASS LLEWELLYN
Beatrice Farrar	Miss JANE SAVILE

WHAT is a significant play? A few years ago it would have been possible to describe it as a play which all the critics and most of the public united in regarding as insignificant. But this is no longer the fact. On our existing stage, the significant now struggles with the insignificant. Both are criticised, both can fill a theatre; not merely have the first dropping shots been fired in the battle for

* Specially striking representation.

the mastery of the stage, but the two armies are joined in full engagement. What shall the theatre be for? "For life and its realities, as reflected in the receptive mirror of the artist's mind," says one school. "For pleasure and its artificialities," cries the other. To aid the one, the thinkers of our time are gathered together—Tolstoy, Ibsen, Strindberg, Brieux, Shaw—irresistibly attracted to the dramatic method and its possibilities. Few in number, their weight and attraction are overwhelming. To the other side flock the battalions of imitators and *entrepreneurs*, a train of literary cooks and caterers, vast as the array of sutlers that followed the army of an Oriental king. Which will win? One observes an increasing number of defections from the host of the entertainers. Some, in order to hold their own flag aloft, emblazon on it the device and coloring of the hostile banners. Others keep an agile and wary foot in both camps. But all the territory that has been definitely captured is won for the realists.

But what is a significant play? Not, we can all assume with safety, the melodrama which has just been transferred from Paris to London, and re-named in its English home "The Turning Point." For, to begin with, it is quite insignificant in subject. Spies, of course, exist, and murderers of spies, and both may have complicated or disorderly love-affairs. But not one among twenty thousand Londoners is, or is likely to be, one or the other, or cares how these horrible and unnatural conditions work themselves out in relation to the military affairs of France and Germany. Therefore, the authors of such a play, knowing that they have chosen human material at once rare and repulsive, labor to make it dramatically interesting (it is perhaps interesting to some Frenchmen) by suggesting a number of vivid stage encounters and puzzles. Among them is the question whether the patriotic murderer's wife loves him or somebody else, or what he is to do with the body of the spy, or how he can escape the guillotine. These situations are, of course, ridiculous when they are described in cold blood. In the hot blood which the play generates, they doubtless seem thrilling enough.

But now take the idea and the subject of "Hindle Wakes," which is one of the best plays being acted in London by some of the most competent artists on the stage, and under conditions which are both right artistically and conduce to the greatest possible emotional effect. In the first place, the piece is a transcription of life, the life of a manufacturing town in Lancashire, which it is very important for us in London to understand. Secondly, it touches half-a-dozen questions that are the stuff of young men's and young women's lives. None of our youths are officers in the French army; but most of them marry, and some plunge into sexual errors—faults of taste, or choice, or morals—that influence the whole course of their lives. Therefore, "Hindle Wakes," which discusses the pitfalls and passions of youth with great frankness and sincerity, and brings them into sharp dramatic contrast with the habits and beliefs of their elders, is a highly significant work. What in effect is Alan Jeffcote, son of Nathaniel Jeffcote, cotton-spinner, to do? He, espoused to a charming girl in the class to which he belongs, has taken a mill girl, the daughter of one of his father's workmen (and familiar friends), for a week-end to Llandudno. Accident discovers this intrigue, which both Alan and Fanny Hawthorn would conceal. How shall he act? Pass it all over, says his future father-in-law, cut short in his delighted rendering of a witty tale from the "Winning Post" to learn that his own daughter is the victim of just such a passage in real life. "Not so," retorts old Jeffcote, whose honorable pride forbids the sacrifice of his workman's child. "As you have made your bed, you shall lie in it." And moved by his father's threats of leaving the "brass" elsewhere, and his *fiancée's* not very convincing decision that Alan belongs to another woman, the young man, with roots of character and social habit less binding than his elder's, will let himself drift into marriage with the mill-girl. All the forces but one push this way; the resistance comes from the sullen, passionate girl, his companion at Llandudno.

Here the drama suddenly turns on itself, and after

a period of weakness, develops a new and exciting human interest. "You all dispose of me," she cries to her grasping shrew of a mother and the Jeffcotes and Farrars; "but I have not disposed of myself. I was Alan's plaything, was I? Well, he was mine as well, and when I marry, I marry something stronger, and, any way, not for recrimination and shame and hell-on-earth between two ill-matched yoke-fellows. Rather a mill-hand's life till the right man comes along." All this written in schoolmaster's English seems crude enough. Told in the broad Lancashire which is the medium of the play, and fitly mated to the girl's wild and powerful character, it makes as bold a dramatic venture as the London stage can exhibit.

This sketch, which by this time must be familiar to many hundreds of London playgoers, may seem to reveal something rough, even coarse, in the texture of the play. In fact, there is no such element. You are made conscious of slowly opening horizons in the atmosphere of these people's lives; of a tough old world, living on and for money, but possessing at its best something of the fineness as well as the hardness of the gold it seeks, and a younger type, still absorbed in money, but eager pleasure-seekers, and running into a slighter, looser mould of feeling and conduct. Finally you come to an abrupt break-away into a fresh domain altogether, in which woman snatches the dispensing power from man's hands. But this is not the only attraction of "Hindle Wakes." Mr. Stanley Houghton and the Horniman Company work together to produce a real study of provincialism. The interest of life is in its differences; the artists who exhibit the tricks of speech and manner, the habit of soul, the bent of will and energy, which mark off one branch of the human family from another, add greatly to the scope and charm of their work. I was fascinated with these Lancashire folk; with the mill-hand and his wife, the latter warped into the sour ugliness which is the mark of labor on a rude stock; with the domestic life of the Jeffcotes, absurdly small and sordid in detail, down to the old man's careful zeal in saving his gas-bills, but illuminating in the mass. The Horniman Company is especially admirable in attaining those small touches which produce and sustain the picture. The make-up of the artists is so good that you can barely recognise them in their transition from one part to another. A young actress, playing a parlor-maid's part, and having nothing more to do than to clear away the tea-things and answer her master's storming with down-cast eyes and a formal "Yes, sir," does everything necessary to make these acts significant. So admirable is this play of every-day incident that the featureless part of the piece is that in which the author mounts from it into the sphere of melodrama, and sets Beatrice Farrar to speak an old stage-exercise on self-sacrifice. If this, part of the work was sincere, it was not fresh; what Beatrice said was learned, not felt; it was, in fact, a fragment from another play altogether. Apart from that interval, the talk is just that of middle-class sitting-rooms and workmen's parlors, with the cotton mill in mental perspective. Much of it is frank discussion of how a man should behave to a woman whom he does not love, but who conceivably might one day call on him to support her child. But all is of the soil, and its strength lies in its truthfulness and its charm of nature.

H. W. M.

Communications.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE JUDICIAL BENCH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Prime Minister has given notice that, on the re-assembling of Parliament, the Government will propose an Address to the Crown for the appointment of an additional judge in the King's Bench Division. It is understood that this motion will be disposed of on the first day of the Session, and, as Sir Alfred Markham informed Mr. Asquith

that it would receive strenuous opposition from the Radical and Labor Benches, it is desirable that public opinion should be informed as to the issues which this contest will raise. The degree of importance attached to this matter by the legal interests may be measured by the vigor with which they prosecuted the agitation to which the Government's promise was a reluctant response. Public attention was mainly directed to other questions; but during the early months of the year every available agency was used by the Bar Council to force the Government to appoint two additional judges. The death of Sir William Grantham and the resignation of Sir John Lawrence were the incidents upon which the agitation flourished. The courage and pertinacity of Lord Loreburn prevented a surrender to this movement; but, as his aid is now withdrawn, and important public interests are involved in the Address which the Government have agreed to promote, it is necessary to recur to a subject which illustrates the difficulties of official Liberalism in tackling the accumulated problems of legal reform.

The situation, out of which the present position took its origin, has ceased to be familiar. In 1910, a Special Committee issued a report upon which the Supreme Court of Judicature Act of that year was framed. Notwithstanding the resistance of the Lord Chancellor (Lord Loreburn), who had advocated a number of reforms in legal procedure, the Government arranged a compromise with the legal interests, which must not be forgotten at this juncture. At that time there was a serious block of legal business in the King's Bench Division. Whatever may have been the causes of that condition of affairs, whether avoidable or not, the Government had to accept the facts, and agree to introduce a Bill for the appointment of two additional judges. Keen opposition was experienced in Parliament to this proposal. The Lord Chancellor's efforts in legal reform, which had been persistently thwarted by the vested legal interests, had not escaped notice. His authoritative opinion that, with the introduction of desirable measures, the need for the proposed addition to the judiciary would pass away, had exercised a widespread effect, heightened by the patent hostility which he continued to meet with in legal quarters. Fortunately, Liberalism was led in the House of Commons on this question by two men who had distinguished themselves in the courts to which this Bill applied. In a trying situation, Mr. Asquith and Sir Rufus Isaacs (as Solicitor-General) saved the Bill by associating with its promotion two conditions which must now be carefully safeguarded. "What we want," said the Prime Minister, "is an adequate employment of judicial time." Sir Rufus Isaacs enforced this point of view in outspoken words: "The courts exist for the public, and what the House has got to do is to see that the public get the full benefit out of the judicial system we have set up." No formula could more usefully guide the present House of Commons in disposing of the Government's motion.

The two conditions on which the Parliamentary opposition was withdrawn to the Bill of 1910 were, first, that the two additional judges were to be only a temporary increase of the judiciary; and, secondly, that the appointments were to be accompanied by measures of reform in legal procedure which were designed to prevent a recurrence of the then condition of business in the King's Bench Division. "The Government are fully alive to the fact," said Mr. Asquith, "that the proposals of the Committee are only for a temporary increase of the judiciary in the King's Bench Division." Again, "In our view, as I said some time ago, the appointment of these two new judges is not in itself an adequate and complete solution of the problem of the accumulated business (in the courts) and it is not so put forward." What the House of Commons has to determine, before voting the Address for another judge, is whether the conditions on which the two additional appointments were granted in 1910 have been complied with.

Before referring to the particular reforms which Lord Loreburn pressed upon the Special Committee, and to which he subsequently (it would appear) secured the assent of the Government, it is profitable to quote an observation of his that not only indicates the standpoint of the legal reformers, but which is probably the bravest utterance to be found in legal annals. "If necessary," said Lord Loreburn (in the House of Lords, in the presence of the Lord Chief Justice),

"every one (of the judges) ought to do what all Ministers do, what all Members of Parliament do, what Lord Chancellors do, and what everyone else does—namely, *make the time fit the work instead of making the work fit the time.*" The House of Commons has the duty cast upon it now of seeing to what extent this observation of the ex-Lord Chancellor is still in point. What efforts, it may be asked, have the judges made to give effect to the main condition upon which Parliament passed the 1910 Act?

Lord Loreburn advocated three reforms in legal procedure, which, in his judgment, by relieving the pressure upon the High Court, would obviate the necessity of additions to the judiciary. He desired to prevent the creation of such a scandal here as is seen in Ireland, of an overmanned and expensive judicial bench. Those reforms were the reorganisation of the circuit system, longer sittings, and the shortening of the Long Vacation. Another reform should be added, namely, his County Courts Bill, which sought to facilitate the transfer of causes to the smaller, and less expensive, courts. But for the fact that the complexity of public affairs has minimised the attention given to these concerns, it would be farcical to ask what assistance the vested legal interests have given to the attempts to set the business of the courts in order. The ancient circuit system continues its wasteful, shambling course. The longer hours which the judges were supposed to agree to sit have been filled in ways which anyone outside the judicial ranks would find it puzzling to explain. Certainly, Sir Rufus Isaacs's Return on Saturday sittings to Mr. Joseph Martin (Parl. Debates, May 21st, 1912) provides no clue, and the press reports of proceedings in the High Court on Saturdays must be singularly curtailed. As to shortening the intolerable Long Vacation, not a step has been taken; on the contrary, every effort to bring about the termination of this abuse has been steadily defeated. Their lordships continue to enjoy four months' holiday out of every twelve, at the rate of £5,000 a year, with extras discreetly veiled from general knowledge. The scheme to relieve the pressure on the High Court (and incidentally cheapen the expense of the poor litigant) by means of the County Courts Bill has been resisted by an exhibition of self-interest, as opposed to public necessities, which even Lord Eldon would have envied. In short, the vested legal interests have flouted Parliament at every turn. They have continued arrangements that have created the difficulties which they affect to cure by appointing more of their number at the rate of £5,000 per annum (with extras); and for Parliament to condone this disregard of the nation's interests is to abdicate its highest function.

A final word must be said to the many legal members who sit on the Liberal benches. I am aware of the powerful backstairs influences which have been exerted to secure their support to the movement for the appointment of another judge. I would remind them again of Burke's famous remark that the practice of the law is not calculated to liberalise the understanding. The subordination of private interests to public necessities is the highest test of character in a legislator. For good or ill, the profession of the law is suspect among large bodies of the electorate. It would be grievous, indeed, if that suspicion were sharpened by the conduct of Liberal barristers in Parliament.—Yours, &c.,

October 3rd, 1912.

JUDEX.

Letters to the Editor.

PERSIA AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Allow me to thank you for the part you have taken in trying to support the Persians in their efforts to establish a constitutional government. It would be so easy for this great country to give that financial assistance which Persia requires to enable it to establish its government securely. It is horrible to think that support may be given to re-instate in power a ruler who trained his guns (in this case, I fear, Russian guns) upon the House of Parliament, and slaughtered the representatives of the people. It is not too late still to save the Persian people. It happens, in this case, as so often in others, that the course of action which is suggested by sympathy, and by our own solemn under-

takings, is also the course suggested by prudence. The idea of having British troops in the South of Persia, and Russian troops in the North of Persia, and thus making our frontiers coterminous for a thousand miles, is an idea that can only commend itself to those people who wish to have a nation in arms as the highest result of twentieth-century Christian civilisation.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

7, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.
October 2nd, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—On one point there is agreement among your correspondents who have accepted Professor Browne's invitation to contribute suggestions as to the best means of putting pressure on the Liberal machine to reverse its foreign policy. The machine will attend to our protests when we can prove our power at the polls. A policy which is not sufficiently unpopular to cause the loss of votes will survive all our verbal and printed criticisms.

Rebels in the House are powerless, for the only issues on which they are moved to vote against the Government are precisely those on which it can rely on the Opposition's aid. It is futile, moreover, for us to wait, as individuals, until a General Election may bring us the doubtful satisfaction of voting for a Tory, who will "continue" the present policy on yet more reckless lines. One of your correspondents suggests that Liberal rebels should join the I.L.P. That was the course which I took myself after the Denshawai hangings; but it is open only to those of us who are Socialists in our general theory of politics.

There remains another expedient. I would like to invite Professor Browne and his friends to study the extremely effective strategy which constitutional suffragists adopted after the Irish Party, with some Liberal instigation, had destroyed the Conciliation Bill. They determined, in future, to concentrate their efforts in supporting (without joining) the Labor Party, which is as unanimously suffragist as it is anti-Imperialist. One need not exaggerate its power in the House on either issue, though, with adequate backing, it may achieve something even there. But in the country it can serve as a focus and rallying flag for those who agree with it on these issues, and desire to register at the polls a protest which will be understood and felt. The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies has formed an Election Fighting Fund in pursuit of this policy, which reached, in a few weeks, a total of over £4,000. It recruited for this special service a brilliant band of speakers and organisers. It made a prompt use of the recent by-elections. It is doubtful whether Crewe could have been fought effectively without its aid. As to Midlothian, the National Labor Agent, in a published letter of thanks, has attributed to its work no small part of the result. It is demonstrating, in short, that the suffrage movement can retaliate in the country for betrayal in the House. Its plans further include the organised preparation of the ground in constituencies where Labor is likely, at the next General Election, to be fighting a Liberal opponent of the women's movement.

I do not know whether, among Liberals who dread the dangers of our present foreign policy, and resent the dishonor which it is bringing to their principles, there is to be found the same courage and ability and singleness of aim which women have shown. But this one may safely affirm: if they will raise an adequate fund, and if they can find speakers who can approach the zeal and spirit of these women, they may count, not merely on turning votes, but also on bringing into our politics a new spirit of independence which will smash the despotism of the party machine. When a third party is adequately backed by the funds and ability of those outside it, who agree with it on certain issues where Liberalism hesitates, its weight in the loosely knit coalition will at last avail to modify the Government's policy, for the sufficient reason that a continuance of the feud must mean electoral disaster.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

32, Well Walk, N.W.
October 2nd, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The correspondence in your columns *re* Persia is one of the most dispiriting I have read. It makes one

wonder if the writers (except Professor Browne) are of the same race as the Englishmen who abolished slavery, who sympathised with Greece and Italy in their darkest days, and who hunted Marshal Haynau through the streets.

One letter after another is a confession of impotence on the part of the writer. Every protester asks: What can we do to make our disgust with Sir Edward Grey's policy felt? Poor fellows! Mr. Garnett makes a suggestion that the photographs of the murdered Persian popular leaders should be printed in pamphlet form, and sold at a penny. This does honor to his heart, but it shows he knows little of the stuff of which governments are made.

Let us apply the boot; it is quite an easy task. Mr. Bundock, in his confiding letter, calls for the Labor Party to take up the matter. He says they have done so, by protest in Parliament and on platforms. This is much to their honor, though, I confess, the protests have been a little faint in tone. It is of no earthly use for the Labor Party to protest, unless they do something afterwards in the way of action. Have they the power to act? your readers may ask, for they have been so quiescent (as a party) of late that your readers may well think they have no power to do anything.

I emphatically assert that they have power—and an enormous power—in their hands. Parliament will assemble in a few days. If the leader of the Labor Party would only put down a question *re* Persia, addressed to Sir Edward Grey, that would be the first step. The second would be, on being answered in the negative, then and there to declare, firmly and respectfully, that, in consequence of the right honorable gentleman's answer, the whole Labor Party would vote against Home Rule. This would not endanger Home Rule in the least, for Mr. Redmond would at once rush to Mr. Asquith, and put pressure on him. The Liberal Government cannot afford at this moment to lose forty votes, and the result would be that Sir Edward Grey would receive either his elevation to the House of Lords, or a special revelation of some kind, which would induce him to change his policy.

Of course, the Liberal Party leaders would try corruption, and dangle small prizes, as factory-inspectorships and the like, before the members of the Labor Party, in order to detach them from their policy. The Labor Party would only have to stand firm, and, in doing so, reflect that many of its members owe their seats to the painfully collected half-pence of their fellows. They might reflect, too, that often the pathetic half-pence have cost as much to their givers as if they had been drops of blood.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM.

October 1st, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am glad to see you are keeping the subject of our Foreign Policy well to the front. For Liberals the most humiliating fact is that if the Tories had been in power our present position would probably not have been nearly so disgraceful as it is. The policy of the Foreign Office would have been just the same, for it is the policy of the permanent officials; but, long before the present condition of affairs had been reached, some Liberal statesman—possibly several—would have stumped the country (with an even better cause than "Bulgarian Atrocities"), explaining to the people exactly what was happening, and an indignant nation would have insisted on a change of policy or the downfall of the Government. Only some such national uprising has any effect on our Foreign Office bureaucrats, and just now, of course, this remedy cannot be applied. The Tories want no change; for this policy of bullying the weak nationalities and truckling to the "Great Powers" is all their own. The Liberals have to restrain their indignation because they cannot censure the Foreign Minister without bringing down the whole Government.

The bed-rock trouble, of course, is the stupidity of our Party system of Government. This system prevents Sir Edward Grey being held responsible for the conduct of his department, because all his actions are the actions of the whole Cabinet. The same system prevents any Minister being in office long enough to get a grasp of the

details, and a thorough control over the management, of his department. And so Bureaucracy (which is only government by permanent officials) becomes inevitable.

The withdrawing of Foreign Policy from party politics, so often extolled as a statesmanlike move, has in reality been a disastrous business. In plain English, it means that all control over our Foreign Policy has been taken away from Parliament and handed over to the permanent officials. And now the Army and Navy Departments are rapidly drifting into the same condition. It is said, of course, that if the Foreign Minister were to consult Parliament, it would mean that he must lay all his cards on the table, and thus put himself at a disadvantage in diplomacy. But this is not so. The House of Commons need not see all the cards, but has at least the right to say *what game shall be played*, and also how it is to be played (i.e., "honest" or "all we know"), and even with what foreign countries alliances may or may not be arranged. We look for straightforward and upright conduct in our Ministers, but to allow a man to go into partnership with a firm of card-sharps, and then expect him to remain honest, is to be unreasonable.

Another plausible excuse for the withdrawal of our Foreign Policy from party politics was the desirability of maintaining continuity of action. It is easy to see what this plea is worth. The cowardly abandonment of Finland to its fate, the crushing of Persia, the proposed opening of a road to India from Russia, the craven fear of Germany, and the attempt to coerce China—to hold her down so that our allies, Russia and Japan, could rob her of Manchuria and Mongolia—surely all these things are the very antitheses of our former ideas of Foreign Policy—in the time of Gladstone, for instance.

The plain fact is that we are now at the cross-roads. We may go on as we are going, and, before long, the Home Departments will become even as the Foreign, and the Bureaucracy will be perfected and complete. Or we may abolish the Party System, make the House of Commons master both of administration and legislation, and give Democracy a trial.

At the last Hague Conference, the question as to whether private property, in time of war, should be as sacred at sea as it is on land, depended entirely on England's vote. Had the opinion of the House of Commons or of the country been taken on the point, there is no doubt that a great majority would have answered "Yes." The decision, however, was left, as usual, with the permanent officials (it was the Admiralty this time), and they, surmising, perhaps, that their craft was in danger (no *double-entendre* intended), promptly vetoed the proposed reform. From this veto has directly arisen the insensate competition with Germany as to who could throw most millions of money into the sea, and, indirectly, it has brought about our "agreement" with Russia and all the evils that have flowed therefrom.

And yet we often speak as if we were a self-governing nation!—Yours, &c.,

E. MELLAND.

Hale, October 1st, 1912.

THE MORAL OF "BLACK BARTHOLOMEW."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Dr. Horton will be at no loss to explain his meaning. But, if the writer of the original article may intervene, he would say that, while admitting, and indeed insisting on, the conception of Christianity as dynamic, this conception can only become actual in so far as Christianity takes shape in and enters into national and individual life. The mental and moral life of men and nations is not a fixed quantity, but a thing in process of becoming. The same holds of religious life.

The "outward and formal unity of the Churches" was in accordance with the mind of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and, though the might-have-beens of history are uncertain, it seems probable that, had the policy of the Restoration been other than it was, such a unity might have been in great measure secured. In our own time the notion of spiritual unity, which would then have been unintelligible, has been developed, and many of us will agree with Mr. Sinclair that it is in this direction rather than in community

of organisation that the unity of the Churches is most profitably sought.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

October 1st, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—If it be true that for half a century the Liberal Party has adopted the principles of Liberationism, it is also true that for half a century it held the principle of *laissez faire*—and dropped it. It is possible that in the near future, as the Socialistic movement grows, it may also drop its Liberationism.

The old Elizabethan and Caroline ideal was freedom of opinion and common worship, and that in no way involves a dragonnade. To me it does seem that both religion and Liberalism would gain by a return to the old idea. A common worship, in which all the members of a parish joined just because they were neighbors and human beings, instead of each man going to that service which pleased his taste or his prejudices, would be a nearer approach to the realisation of family feeling, and therefore to the idea of the Christian religion.

Liberalism would gain, because, with the dropping of the Liberationism, it would cease to arouse the organised hostility of the Church party, which in rural England is the most influential of the Conservative forces. I am at a loss to know what Popish titles are retained in the Church of England, and I am inclined to question the Popish endowments.

To the other letter, that of Dr. Horton, this reply must be made. If we are to make the Church of England "the nation on its religious side," then, as he himself admits, both the Petrine and the Pauline halves must be considered. Nonconformity includes not only the Wesleyans and the Baptists and the Congregationalists, but also the Romanists; and the common worship must be able to hold all. The reunion of English Christians can only be a preliminary to the reunion of all Christians, and to make wider the gulf which yawns between English and Continental Christianity would be a hindrance, and not a help, to the ultimate ideal.

I quite agree with all he says of his experience in his holiday, but a common worship would necessarily carry with it the right of the parishioners to control, within the limits laid down by the National Church, the amount of ritual, &c., to be practised in each parish. It would also carry with it the right of the parish to elect its *persona*.—Yours, &c.,

N.

September 30th, 1912.

INDUSTRIAL "SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "B. H.," remarks that there were two or three omissions from my previous letter which rather invalidated the strength of my argument. What these omissions were he does not make quite clear. I am, however, delighted to reflect that my letter to THE NATION has elicited from him statements which will bear some examination, since they imply smug comfort and the feeling that "all's well with the world; so things may go on as they are."

It is not quite accurate for "B. H." to say that I bewailed the advent of the Industrial "Scientific Management," better known as "speeding up." What I doubted was whether its general application would not make the condition of the actual producers of wealth far worse than it is, and lead to a life of luxury on the part of those who reaped the fruits of their labor, which would widen more than ever the great gulf which lies between them.

"B. H." is of opinion that the "speeding up" will result in an increased production of the necessities of life, and a corresponding cheapening, so that consumers will benefit. He argues that all the world is not a workshop, and that the great majority of human beings are consumers who benefit from the cheapening of the cost of production.

With the first of these assertions I entirely agree. All the world is not a workshop, any more than all the people of the world are workers. The workshops of the world depend upon the land for all the material required to produce a finished article. On the cultivation of the land, and the extraction from it by labor of all the riches it contains, entirely depends every industry which makes life more comfortable, more happy—it may be, more luxurious. But the fact of land being a monopoly in the hands of a few, causes occasional paralysis of all industry, and impedes its development. More than that, those few are in a position to dictate to the millions of workers the standard of payment they are to receive for the duties they perform and the wealth they produce. Now, it has been proved that the "speeding up" has meant an increase of wages to those workers in America who have proved themselves physically and mentally fit for the standard of efficiency set down for them by the magnates in whose employ they are. It is also proved that there has been a consequent increase of production and a cheapening of its cost; but to assert that the consumers have benefited, by obtaining articles cheaper, is not borne out by the experience of every-day life.

Take the case of Great Britain. In recent years there has been a remarkable cheapening of the cost of production. But is the condition of the wage-earner better to-day than it was, say, two decades ago? The answer is, emphatically, No! The only inference is that the rich have become richer from that cheapening. Indeed, facts and figures prove this. Since 1900, the amount annually assessed for income-tax for Great Britain has increased from 800 millions odd to nearly 1,200 millions odd. Come now to the condition of those whose wages do not reach the £160 per annum standard. It is a fact that there has been no very appreciable increase in the standard wage of the working classes of this country since 1900. Even where there have been increases, these have not been equal to the maintenance of a standard of living in 1912 equal to that of 1900. The cost of living in twelve years has increased at least 10 per cent. And yet, as I have pointed out, there has been a cheapening of the cost, and an increase in the amount, of production.

Faced with these facts, can "B. H." argue that the Industrial "Scientific Management" will improve the lot of the consumer, whether he be a tiller of the soil or a worker in a great centre of industry? A cheapening of the cost and an increase in the amount of production would be all very well if there were some equitable division of the resulting benefits. But there is not. The figures I have given prove, I think, very conclusively that these are enjoyed by those who "toil not, neither do they spin," and who could give points to the richest Orientals in their indulgence in luxuries, which they have never stirred a finger to create.

"B. H." scoffs at the idea that the new methods will throw laborers out of employment, and says that the argument in support of this is similar to those used in the classic case of the spinning jennies and of new machinery everywhere. He adds that the fallacy lies in the assumption that capitalists alone benefit by the employment of improved means of production. Then he contends that, as more capital is attracted by the high rate of profit, a competition arises, which, in due course, passes on the cheapening—through lower retail prices—to the consumer. This argument is, of course, ingenious, but I doubt its cogency. Things are cheap according to the means, great or small, of the purchaser—the consumer. At no point in the nation's history were the extremes of poverty and richness so widely or so sharply set. A quarter of a century has passed since Henry George wrote the most famous of all his world-wide famous books, "Progress and Poverty." The truths he there brought to light are to-day as absolute as ever they were. "Poverty deepens as wealth increases, and wages are forced down while productive power grows, because land, which is the source of all wealth and the field of all labor, is monopolised. To extirpate poverty, to make wages, what justice commands they should be, the full earnings of the laborer, we must, therefore, substitute for the individual ownership of land a common ownership."—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH FELS.

39, Wilson Street, London, E.C.
September 26th, 1912.

THE SPIRIT OF MIDLOTHIAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I meet frequently Liberals of an older generation who complain that modern Liberalism has forgotten the Gladstonian tradition. You are maintaining that tradition in the cases of Persia and China, but in the case which is most pressing, and in which the tradition is most flagrantly flouted, you are, so far as we can see, on the side of the enemy. It may be doubtful on which side Gladstone would have fought in matters of the Far East; it cannot be doubted that he would have condemned our policy in the Near East. We know for certain that the people of Crete ardently desire to be united to Greece; we know for certain that the people of Greece are ready to take up arms to free them from their present yoke; we know that the Bulgarians, the Servians, the Montenegrins, and all the other Christian peoples that are to be found within the boundaries of the ancient Turkish Empire are ready to rescue their compatriots that are still enslaved by force of arms, and we know that there is little doubt that a united effort would succeed. One thing, and one thing alone, stands in the way of that consummation to which Liberals were taught to look forward, the sweeping of the Turk out of Europe and the cleansing of San Sophia, and that is the agreement of the Powers. If that agreement were broken up, there is no doubt that the great struggle for freedom would take place at once. I always thought that it was a Liberal principle that the smallest nation had the same right as the largest to determine its own policy. We maintained that right even in the days of Palmerston in the case of Italy. On what ground can we deny it to the nations that inhabit the Balkan peninsula? It may be wrong to allow Persia to be oppressed, and China to be treated as unfit to manage her own affairs, but it is surely worse to deny to European peoples the right to fight for their own freedom if they wish to do so. As long as we maintain our present attitude in the Near East I shall not be in the least surprised if we adopt the same in other cases.

I should have supposed also that, as long as a military empire retains by force the people of two provinces whose heart is with the nation from which they were wrenched in 1870, the spirit of Midlothian would move us in that matter, at all events, to ally ourselves with France, which is, after all, a Liberal nation.—Yours, &c.,

A. E. T. NEWMAN.

St. Andrew's Vicarage, Whittlesey.

[We do not accept our correspondent's criticism of our attitude.—ED., NATION.]

THE MOTOR PERIL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It seems to be time that some one strong took up the cudgels for those unable to protect themselves. The peril to life and limb of the ordinary London wayfarer is continual, and can only be equalled by that to which unhappy villagers are exposed.

It is a source of amazement to all who care for the decencies of life, that those who are so fortunate can be so selfish.

It is sickening to see, in any village street, at any cottage door, the terror in the faces of mothers catching up their children at the distant menace of the motor-horn, and the indifference with which "gentlefolk" abuse the license obtained for them. It is rapidly becoming impossible for people who do not own motors to use the roads, and yet, as you truly say, these "will always be the vast majority of the people."—Yours, &c.,

SYDNEY SCHIFF.

The Grand, Folkestone.
September 30th, 1912.

ESPERANTO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your brief note about Esperanto last week, I do not think you quite do justice either to Esperanto or to the French Government. From one point of view Esperanto certainly is a code; that is to say, it is an artificial convention. From another point of view, it is just as certainly a living language, for it is the sole medium of communication between many thousands of people, and it already has a

literature which might well make some of the smaller European nationalities a trifle envious.

Now, it differs from, say, English and French, in its almost unlimited power of word-building; and it is obvious that a Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs cannot accept words of forty or fifty letters. I do not say it is not a sin against good style to use such words, but there is nothing in the constitution of the language to prevent them being used if they were wanted. I do not see, therefore, that anybody can complain if the French Government chooses to call Esperanto a code and to limit the length of words. That, in itself, is not striking a blow at Esperanto; it is merely protection against abuse.

If there is injustice—and I do think there is a small one—it lies in the shortness of the words that can now be accepted without extra charge. I looked through your paragraph again and found that words like *international*, *telegraphic*, *objectionable*, *Esperantists*, would all have to pay. In those sixteen lines there were ten words that would have been pounced upon, and several more that would only get through by the skin of their teeth. I then took a page at random, written by Dr. Zamenhof ("La Batalo de l'Vivo," page 9) in 1894. The page had only two words of more than ten letters. Thinking then that I had been unfair in my selection, I counted a page from his speech last month in Cracow. The style of the latter was very different, and I found seven words that would pay double, one of them having fourteen letters and another fifteen.

I conclude that the French Government have struck at us a very faint blow, but that it would have been both fair and generous if they had allowed us twelve letters in all, or fifteen letters in some, of the words of a telegram.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. GILL.

"Pennsylvania," Lower Green Road,
Rusthall, Tunbridge Wells.
September 30th, 1912.

LIBERALS AND LAND POLICY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Letters like that of Mr. F. W. Garrison, in your last issue, are very distressing to those who are in favor of reasonable reforms in our present absurd system of rating. It suggests that there would be nothing unfair in the "appropriation" by the State of a part, or even the whole, of the economic rent of land. Now, the State has always recognised private property in land. In fact, for a long time land was considered the best and safest form of investment. People provided for their wives and daughters by creating charges on land, or buying ground rents for them. Pious donors, who wished to do something for "the poor," often bequeathed a field or so to the churchwardens of their parish, with directions that the income should be given in charity. It is well known that in modern times insurance companies and friendly societies have invested largely in land. Why should the owners of a particular form of property be deprived of their incomes in whole or part? By all means let land be rated or taxed, so as to encourage its development and improvement in the manner most beneficial to the community, but why appropriate land values without any compensation to the owners, some of whom, at any rate, may be most harmless and innocent persons?—Yours, &c.,

F. S. T.

September 28th, 1912.

A STUDENTS' THEATRE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am not surprised to see that Miss Filippi's article on "A Students' Theatre" aroused the interest, apparently, of one only of our profession and no outside criticism or appreciation at all. At the present time one has only to begin talking about Dramatic Art (which, in my opinion, is not half so decadent in England—or rather London—as we try to make out) to be quietly ignored or indulged in as a crank. For this there are two chief reasons.

(1) Because the two largest of our theatrical papers are merely trade journals and find advertisements more paying than articles.

(2) Because it is no use talking about Art to actors with empty stomachs.

The industrial conditions in the English theatrical industry are so bad that we professionals really cannot attend to Miss Filippi's admirable proposals until we have got order in our industrial relations with our employers. Neither Miss Filippi nor Mr. Poel would think of furnishing their homes until the house was properly built and the wall-papers and carpets laid down.

But I will be ready to support Miss Filippi, Mr. Poel, Mr. Barker, and a good many more who are doing and want to do so much for our theatre, when there is a proper living wage arranged for every actor and actress, when the stage can be cleared of the host of incompetent people who are responsible for the excess of supply over demand, which forces wages down to rock-bottom values, and which forces talented but impecunious artists to accept whatever comes along rather than starvation—often the only alternative. The establishment of the minimum wage would easily have this effect, as managers would see to it that every £2 they had to pay would be earned by the employee as far as possible.

And to prevent this overcrowding occurring again, I would have an authoritative Board established—I leave the how and the maintenance to others to discuss—before whom all stage aspirants would have to be examined and pass a qualifying examination, with a certificate allowing them to apply to managers, of the same standard as those papers of the College of Preceptors in another sphere with which I used to struggle in my school-days.

Such are the real things that matter on our stage to-day, and I would far rather see Miss Filippi devoting herself to the correction of our industrial evils than worrying over our art which we cannot begin to attack until our house is in order to receive it.

Our art, I think, will take care of itself, but our artist is in real need of help.—Yours, &c.,

DAVID CONRAD.

September 28th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There can be little question but that Miss Filippi's proposed method of training actors is well worthy the experiment.

In France and Germany, the drama has long been reckoned as a fine art, and judged accordingly, while in Great Britain it is subordinated to considerations of pecuniary profit and the yield of dividends. Abroad, the theatre is a State and municipal institution, while in "practical" and "commercial" England it is, "God bless us! a thing of naught." Paris has its Conservatoire; Berlin Reinhardt's famous school; and London a "star" incubator in Gower Street.

The only objection to Miss Filippi's Students' Theatre is, I think, its proposed *locale*. Why the "West-End"? Surely, "star" and commercially governed theatredom is there too strongly entrenched! Why not a less expensive theatre or hall in the metropolitan suburbs, or even in the benighted provinces? The Abbey Theatre has its school under Mr. Nugent Monck. Why not similar schools in connection with the admirable repertory theatres which flourish in Manchester and Liverpool?

We provincials can assure Miss Filippi that, in our large towns, her students *would* be competing with some of the finest talent in the world, and that there are certain provincial audiences which intellectually differ from, and favorably contrast with, average London playgoers. They exercise a fine critical and discriminating judgment. We do indeed demand "high standards of accomplishment," and would not—aye! even "for a wilderness of monkeys"—thrown in—exchange the all-round talent of Miss Horniman's players for all the "skilled theatricality" of "His Majesty's."

Therefore, may I not, in all earnestness, advise Miss Filippi to leave "conservative London," and seek a more appreciative and suitable field for experiment in what my Cockney friends would term the "kentry"?—Yours, &c.,

D. E. OLIVER.

Bramhall, Stockport.

HUNGARY AND CROATIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is a "class" of Britishers, probably nineteen-twentieths of the population of the Kingdom, which is conscientiously and profoundly convinced that the test of a nation's happiness must be the degree of affinity of her political institutions to those of Britain. To these well-meaning people the salvation of China and Russia can come about only by the introduction into those countries of Lords Spiritual and Lords Temporal, Commons, and a democratic franchise. They are not quite so sure as to woman's suffrage and plural voting, nor would they suggest a strong Navy and Colonies, these being the prerogatives of Britain alone. Britons see nothing ridiculous in all this as concerning themselves; it is only when such beliefs are held independently by others (of their own flesh and blood) that the absurdity strikes them. "The earth revolves on its own axis subject to the Constitution of the United States."

Overborne by the influence of this feeling, "H" has imported into his analysis of the Czech question shibboleths which are the particular preserves of his own people, and no more apply to Czechs than they do to the people of Goa. "One man, one vote," and "one vote, one value," with a note of regret that the constituencies are not apportioned in numerical "shares" as between the German and Bohemian elements, and a sort of wail that the narrow suffrage of Hungary may be compared with that of England of the eighteenth century disclose the mental bias of the writer who would, perhaps, be shocked if we inquired what particular immutable law made comparison with the England of any century either necessary or instructive.

The suffrage question may be dismissed in one sentence. There are factors in the situation which have probably escaped the attention of our critics. It is not that the ministry is unwilling to attack the question, it is the internal situation which has tied their hands. Admittedly, the Magyar element is endowed with a cultus superior to that of any of the minor nationalities which people our territories. Again, it is absolutely indispensable, in the interests of the country that some sort of Magyar hegemony should obtain. As concerning the former statement, 48 per cent. of the population of Hungary being illiterate, the incidence falls most lightly upon the Swabian and the Magyar. It is right, then, that some scheme should be devised which, whilst recognising the claims of Roman and Slav, should so apportion the representation as to leave the predominance to the Magyar. It is possible that our critics may suggest we have not made out an unanswerable case. Well, the responsibility is ours, and we can bear it. But case or no case, it is, has been, and will be the unalterable resolve of the Magyar to be master in his own house.

Croatia is a very different problem. The number of Magyars in that province, the number of people who speak Magyar, the number of Magyars who speak Croatian do not affect the question one way or another. To critics whose arguments are based upon parallels we might refer them to the Welsh and the province of Quebec. The question is very much wider, and it is fundamental. Its ramifications stretch far beyond the borders of this country, to the gates of Rome and all Latin civilisation. For Croatia is admittedly the outpost of Pan-Slavism, cut off by the irruption of the Magyar more than a thousand years ago from her Eastern sister Bohemia and the Poles of the North. As Bohemia is the only member of the great Slav octopus which can get into fighting touch with Austria without the risk of international wars, she is busily engaged in carrying on the Slav propaganda at the expense, not of Austria, but of the Teutonic race. Croatia is another Bohemia. Her battle-ground is Hungary. Her tactics are the same as those which freed Serbia and Bulgaria from the suzerainty of the Porte. But she goes further. Her latest phase is semi-concealed rebellion. If she cannot have a King—and this is her openly expressed desire—she will assassinate her Governor. That the Banns did not share the fate of Lord Frederick Cavendish was a mere accident. I cannot recollect that the murder of the Chief Secretary was followed by the proclamation from Westminster of Irish independence.—Yours, &c.,

(COUNT) JOSEPH MAILATH.

[We regret to be obliged to curtail our correspondent's letter. We hope, however, that his most important arguments remain.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

THE DEATH OF THE MOTHER OF THE YUGOVICHES.

(This ancient Servian ballad is one of the many turning on the overwhelming defeat of the Serbs and their allies by the Turks at Kossovo in 1389, after which Turkish supremacy in the Balkans was established for five centuries.)

(From the collection of Vuk Karadzich; translated by M. E. Durham.)

WHEN the army thronged to Kossovo, with it went the nine Yugoviches, and the tenth—their father—Old Yug Bogdan.

Then the mother of the Yugoviches prayed to God: that he would give her white swan's wings and the eyes of a falcon; that she might fly to Kossovo and see her nine Yugoviches, and the tenth one—Old Yug Bogdan. That for which she prayed, God granted her. He gave her white swan's wings and the eyes of a falcon, and she flew to Kossovo.

There she saw her nine Yugoviches—dead. And the tenth one—Old Yug Bogdan.

Above them were nine warriors' lances. And on the lances, nine grey falcons. Near them were nine goodly steeds. Round them were nine wild lions.

Then the nine grey falcons shrieked, and the nine goodly steeds neighed, and the nine wild lions roared.

But the heart of the mother was hard, and no tear sprang from it.

She took the nine grey falcons, and the nine goodly steeds, and the nine wild lions, and returned to her white tower.

From afar her nine daughters-in-law saw her. And they came down to meet her.

Then the nine widows wept aloud, and their nine orphans cried; and the nine grey falcons shrieked, and the nine goodly steeds neighed, and the nine wild lions roared.

But the heart of the mother was hard. And no tear sprang from it.

And when it was night, and midnight, Damian's grey steed neighed. And the Mother of the Yugoviches asked Damian's wife: "Oh, my daughter, thou love of my Damian! why doth his grey steed neigh? Is he anhungered for white corn or athirst for the waters of the Zvechani?"

Then there answered Damian's wife: "Oh, my mother, thou mother of my Damian—neither is he anhungered for white corn nor athirst for the waters of the Zvechani. But my Damian hath taught him to eat sweet fodder at midnight when he means to ride forth early. And the good steed cries for his master—that cometh not!"

But the heart of the mother was hard, and no tear sprang from it.

And when the dawn brake in the morning, came two black ravens flying. Bloody were their wings to the root, and the white foam flew from their beaks.

And they carried a warrior's hand. And upon the hand was a golden ring. And they dropped the hand in the Mother's lap.

Then the Mother of the Yugoviches took the hand. She took it and turned it in her own. And she asked Damian's wife: "Oh, my daughter, thou love of my Damian! Knowest thou whose hand is this?"

And there answered Damian's wife: "Oh, my mother, thou mother of my Damian—this is our Damian's hand. I know it by the ring. With it was he plighted to me!"

The Mother of the Yugoviches took the hand. She took it and turned it in her own. And she whispered to it softly: "Where did'st grow, oh hand, thou my treasure? Where wast thou cut off? Thou hast grown at my breast, oh hand. Thou wast cut off at bloody Kossovo!"

Then the mother of the Yugoviches sighed. She sighed and she died—with her nine Yugoviches, and the tenth one—Old Yug Bogdan.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton (1787-1870)." Edited by the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham. (Murray. 15s. net.)
- "The Minority of Henry III." By Kate Norgate. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "The Interpretation of Religious Experience." Gifford Lectures. By John Watson. (MacLehose. 2 vols. 10s. net each.)
- "Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker: Selections from his Writings, Speeches, and Addresses." Edited by W. M. Short. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Home Rule From the Treasury Bench: Speeches during the First and Second Reading Debates." With an Introduction by the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "England and the Orleans Monarchy." By Major John Hall. (Smith, Elder. 14s. net.)
- "Adam Lindsay Gordon and His Friends in England and Australia." By Edith Humphris and Douglas Sladen. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Art." By Auguste Rodin. Translated by Mrs. R. Fedden. (Hodder & Stoughton. 16s. net.)
- "Modern Problems." By Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen. 5s. net.)
- "Germany and the German Empire." By Herbert Perrie. (Melrose. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "This and That and the Other." By H. Belloc. (Methuen. 5s.)
- "The Crock of Gold." By James Stephens. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
- "Le Molière du XXe Siècle: Bernard Shaw." Par Augustin Hamon. (Paris: Figuière. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Histoire Financière et Economique de l'Angleterre (1066-1902)." Par E. Martin. (Paris: Alcan. 20 fr.)
- "Aus Minem Sommergarten." Plaudereien von Otto Ernst. (Leipzig: Staackmann. M 2. 50.)

FAR and away the most important event in the world of books during the past week has been the issue by Mr. Heinemann of the first five volumes in "The Loeb Classical Library." This ambitious series of translations—its aim is to include all that is of value and interest in Greek and Latin literature, from the time of Homer to the Fall of Constantinople—is due to a New York banker, Mr. James Loeb, who has acted on a suggestion made by M. Salomon Reinach, the famous French archaeologist. Mr. Loeb spent a couple of years planning out the series and getting the advice of leading scholars, both in Europe and America. These, he tells us, gave "an almost unanimous and unqualified approval" to the project, while the publishers whom he also consulted were of opinion that the time has come for its execution. Each volume will contain what the editors hope to make the best existing text of the author, an English translation on the opposite page, and a short biographical introduction. The price is to be five shillings, and the volumes already issued are:—

- "The Apostolic Fathers." Vol. I. Translated by Kirsopp Lake.
- "The Confessions of St. Augustine." Vol. I. Translated by W. Watts (1631).
- "Euripides." Vol. I. Translated by A. S. Way.
- "Philostratus: The Life of Apollonius of Tyana." Vol. I. Translated by F. C. Conybeare.
- "Terence." Vol. I. Translated by John Sargeaunt.

THESE five volumes illustrate the scope of the series and show the lines upon which Mr. T. E. Page and Dr. Rouse, its editors, intend to proceed. The inclusion of the Apostolic Fathers and St. Augustine indicates that the writers of the early Christian Church will not be neglected, while "The Life of Apollonius of Tyana" is the first of a number of the later Greek historians and biographers who have not hitherto been within reach of general readers. In regard to the translations, the use of Watts's version of St. Augustine is in accordance with Mr. Loeb's wish to include "several of those stately and inimitable translations made in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, which are counted among the classics of the English language," though in all cases these translations will be revised and brought into conformity with the text adopted. In other cases, modern translations of marked excellence will be printed if the copyright can be secured, and when this cannot be done, new translations will be prepared. Thus, in the batch of volumes before us, the versions of

the Apostolic Fathers and of Euripides, by Lightfoot and Professor Murray, are, we presume, those which an editor would first aim at securing. But failing these, able substitutes have been found in Professor Lake and Dr. Way. On the other hand, there are no standard English translations of Terence or of Philostratus, and Mr. Sargeaunt and Mr. Conybeare have done useful work in preparing fresh versions of these authors. Mr. Sargeaunt, appropriately enough, is classical master at Westminster School, where Terence's plays have been acted since the time of Elizabeth.

* * *

ACCOMPANYING the volumes is an essay by Dr. Rouse, entitled "Machine or Mind?" Dr. Rouse's theme is a eulogy of Greek and Latin literature, and a statement of the case for its use to the modern world. There is a story that an Anglican bishop told his candidates for ordination that the study of the Greek language was not only a useful mental discipline, but frequently led to positions of emolument in the Established Church. This use of the classical literatures is ignored by Dr. Rouse. "They will not," he says, "earn you one shilling of money, or build one electric tram; but they will fill your mind with wisdom and beauty." Sir Henry Maine wrote that, "except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin," and if Dr. Rouse does not go quite to this length, he is not far behind.

"All the great intellectual impulses begin in Greece: the modern world only grows crops from the Greek seed. All the great political ideas come from Greece and Rome: the very notions of law and empire are theirs, and without them a modern empire is only an organised horde, like Gengis Khan's, or an organised shop, a gigantic trust, greed, blood, and iron. All poetry and philosophy has its roots there. Your very books and newspapers are full of allusions to Greece and Rome: cut them out and it would be like a world without the electric force."

When one thinks of the many passages that great men have written upon Greek and Roman literature, it is surprising that none of our makers of anthologies have compiled one "In Praise of the Classics."

* * *

BUT though there can be no doubt about the value of the classics, the value of translations from them has often been questioned. A famous Oxford scholar wrote of another that "he occupied himself with the most lazy of all modes of dealing with the classics, that of translating them"; and Dr. Rouse declares that the best translation can give no more than the dry bones. This seems to be an objection to the plan of "The Loeb Classical Library," but there is a good deal to be said on the other side. In the first place, many of the greatest scholars have given up a large part of their time and effort to translation, and this would not have been the case unless they believed translations to be of decided value. To name but a few of the scholars who have been translators, there are Jowett, Jebb, Conington, Butcher, Munro, Kennedy, Campbell, Lang, and, amongst those still living, Professor Mackail, Mr. J. B. Rogers, Dr. Headlam, Dr. Leaf, and a crowd of others. And what further proof than the mere mention of the greatest of all English translations, the Bible, is needed to show that by translation we may gain valuable additions to the literature of knowledge as well as to the literature of power? It is true that everything loses something by translation—except, perhaps, a bishop—but it is possible to gain something of the classical spirit and to enter into the thought and feeling of the ancient world solely through the medium of translations. It will, of course, be an advantage if, as Mr. Loeb hopes, some readers are enticed by the text printed opposite the translation to gather an elementary knowledge of Greek and Latin. But even those who do not make this effort should benefit by "The Loeb Classical Library."

* * *

ACCORDING to a report from Paris, M. Clemenceau, who is more determined than ever to take an active part in politics, has founded a new daily journal, the first number of which will appear some time this month. It will be very much on the same lines—except in political views—as "La Justice," which M. Clemenceau started along with M. Camille Pelletan in 1880. The new venture is to have a capital of a million francs, and will be sold at a halfpenny.

A SELECTION FROM JOHN LONG'S NEW LIST

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"Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus." By
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THE Middle Ages have long been a happy hunting-ground for minds that need some refuge from their own generation. Robust outlaws like Ruskin and William Morris found their Cave of Adullam in this great wilderness of the past. Thousands have followed after them; some in earnest, but most in pure idleness. The wilderness is now as full of loafers as any suburban common; the public litters it with its cigar-ends and orange-peel; and a few disinherited souls even make abortive attempts to squat there. The *femme incomprise*, the *prêtre incompris*, take refuge in the belief that people "managed these things better in the Middle Ages"; and this conviction steels them against the slings and arrows of an unsympathetic society. Sterne was able to cure himself of this delusion by crossing the Channel; but the reactionary would need to change his skin or his soul-spots. He does not want to know the truth; he only wants to go on repeating that modern society has degenerated and is degenerating. In a recent number of a distinguished monthly, for instance, a lady bewails the soullessness of our age and its attitude towards her sex. St. Paul, she thinks, started Christianity with a low view of woman; and, though the Roman Church did much to raise her position, by its worship of the Virgin Mary, yet the Reformation dragged her down again through the instrumentality of Luther and John Knox. This is quite characteristic of a considerable group of modern authors. They know nothing at first-hand of the Middle Ages; like the pothouse company of George Eliot's novel, they imagine that history is after all a matter of guess-work; and they hope by mere audacity and reiteration to bore the public into a belief that all would be well if we could undo the Reformation. To such minds, and to those who might otherwise pay heed to them, the late Professor Luchaire's book should prove a very healthy tonic.

We have here a perfectly frank picture of French society at the dawn of the thirteenth century, by an archivist and university Professor of the first rank. M. Luchaire had gone through the best school of history. Beginning as a laborious specialist, he widened his outlook for the wider audiences which his higher position commanded; and, after giving the world a monograph in six volumes on Innocent III., he prepared to write an equally exhaustive history of the King who drove our John Lackland out of France. Anticipated here by a German scholar, he narrowed his scheme down to these lectures on social life, which he had not yet fully prepared for the Press when death cut his labors short. The book ran quickly into its second edition, and is presented now to the English-reading public in a translation which, on the whole, does real justice to the original. Dr. Krehbiel is not (as he frankly confesses) a specialist in French scholarship; and he falls here and there into such pitfalls as *actual* for *actuel*, *Briton* for *Breton*, *godmother* for *commère*, and so on. Moreover (and this is stranger in a scholar who tells us that he has long specialised on the period of Innocent III.), he fails to recognise the university proctor under his author's *procureur*, and repeatedly makes nonsense by confusing *mortuary* with *mortmain*, and *Romanesque* with *Roman* architecture; while there are some Americanisms which it is perhaps insular in us to wish away. But his translation reads easily and smoothly; and it generally retains the transparency which, after all, is the chief virtue of Luchaire's style. He has also earned our gratitude by adding an index.

The result is a book of which we may say, without exaggeration, that it is indispensable to the social student, whose generalisations require trustworthy evidence from far-off times and places. Let us turn, for instance, to his chapter on women (pp. 351-380). M. Luchaire points out very clearly (what forces itself upon our notice everywhere in medieval literature) that few things have improved so much in the last 700 years as the status of women. He writes (pp. 352-6), "The monks were

accustomed especially to consider woman as a perverse and infernal being. . . . In medieval literature, woman, as a whole, is attacked without distinction as to social condition. . . . she was still considered by feudal society as an inferior being. . . . the courteous spirit favorable to women was very rare in medieval society." Moreover, such as it was, this "courteous spirit" prevailed just at the least orthodox time and place—in the South of France, amid a society honeycombed with the Albigensian heresy. It is difficult for an Englishman to put things so plainly as this without incurring some reproach of bigotry; but M. Luchaire was untainted by the least suspicion of Protestantism. He was simply the Frenchman who had studied medieval society most widely, and wrote of it most frankly. Much more might be quoted to the same purpose; but such citations would show only one aspect of a singularly comprehensive and many-sided book. We are too often tempted to exaggerate the simplicity of medieval society. M. Luchaire shows us something of its real complexity, as befits the student who, thirty years ago, made his name by a masterly study of French institutions at this period. The ease with which the reader passes from point to point is proportionate to the labor of a lifetime which has brought forth this posthumous fruit.

It imagined itself a dying world, this France of 1200 A.D. Few thinking men doubted that the times were waxing late, and that the Last Judgment was close at hand. In 1188, the year in which Saladin took Jerusalem, all the children were born with twenty-two teeth instead of the normal thirty-two. It is the King's own physician who records this observation, which, however, becomes more explicable when we reflect that the man of science was also a monk. Apart from the frequent earthquakes of the time (into each of which even the physician may be pardoned for reading some special judgment of God), the world was wasted with famine, sickness, fire, and sword, all of which he might more naturally have attributed to man. War, as M. Luchaire rightly insists, "was practically a permanent scourge. . . . In the society of that day, war was the normal state." Starting from this point, he takes us through all medieval society, from castle hall down to peasant's hovel, dwells with rare impartiality upon the brilliant and the sordid alike, and leaves us to think out for ourselves the significance of it all in the world's history—its bearing upon our own time, and the future towards which we are marching. "Imagine a social state," writes our author on p. 8, "in which security for property and person does not exist; no police and little justice, especially outside the larger cities; each one defends his life and purse as best he can."

This, of course, would not have been true of England except in Stephen's reign; but it is no exaggerated description of thirteenth-century France, and this is the quagmire from which society has gradually struggled up to its present level—low enough in all conscience, but incomparably higher than the civilisation of the Crusading Age. Within M. Luchaire's period, the working-classes had scarcely even begun to rise. A scholar of Paris—probably an Englishman, we are glad to note—did indeed dream of a state in which all, high and low, should be compelled to work or to starve; but this treatise slumbered for 600 years in the dust of libraries. A carpenter, again, organised an armed society to crush those companies of disbanded soldiers who were pillaging in every province of France; but the very success of his work, and its inevitable political extension, aroused the privileged classes to subdue these bores who dared to band together in their own defence. For in France the national compulsory militia was not, as in the England of that age, a reality. Not only were the rural populations unarmed and disorganised in the face of armed and organised bandits, but they had not even a legal principle in virtue of which it was permitted to organise themselves. Lastly, though the town communes did, indeed, initiate some real beginnings of democracy, yet in many cases these experiments proved premature, and the communes were ruined by their own want of self-control and their financial mismanagement. We have here only indicated the reflections which this admirable book naturally suggests—thoughts of mingled sadness and encouragement. Man falls and falls again in his efforts to rise; but the very struggle is the breath of his nostrils; history teaches us a lesson of

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English Puritanism had three main notes: it was democratic, Calvinistic, and precisian. Each of the three had its good and its bad side. If Puritanism was a leaven in religion, the loss of which left a certain flatness, it cannot be denied that the atmosphere of the great Churchmen of the age was sunnier and more spacious than that in which it flourished. The two contrasted, to recall Arnold's saying, much as a reading of Milton with a reading from Eliza Cook. Miss Cook's verse is melodious and edifying; but its quality is not that of "Lycidas" or "Paradise Lost."

The Puritan was first and foremost a worshipper of the letter. As early as 1552, Cranmer, speaking of certain objections taken to the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI., put his finger on the radical fallacy of the position:—

"They say that kneeling is not commanded in Scripture; and what is not commanded in Scripture is unlawful. *There is the root of the error of the sects!* If that be true, take away the whole Book of Service, and let us have no more trouble in setting forth an order in religion, or, indeed, in common policy. If kneeling be not expressly enjoined in Holy Scripture, neither is standing nor sitting. Let them lie down on the ground, and eat their meat like Turks or Tartars."

Hooker dealt conclusively with this contention. Episcopacy, the use of the surplice, the cross in baptism—these, and such-like institutions or ceremonies, in themselves indifferent, were lawful, and to be retained when enjoined by authority. "For the ecclesiastical laws of this land, we are led by great reason to observe them, and ye by no necessity bound to impugn them." The argument was a modest one, and would scarcely satisfy the modern Anglican. But Hooker was reckoned a High Churchman; and the position which his learning adorned might have served as the basis of a Church, national in fact, as well as in name and idea. A moderate Episcopacy would have found general acceptance. "Though I never thought Episcopacy to be of Divine origin," wrote a Puritan divine (1644), "I looked upon it as the most ancient and most prudent way of government; and so obeyed it and spake well of it, though not its mad and furious ways." The standing feud between Puritanism and the Government was political, not religious. Elizabeth was a Humanist, James I. a strong Calvinist; but both saw in Puritan individualism a danger to the public peace. Episcopacy was the hedge of the civil power: "No Bishop, no King."

The Civil War intensified the antagonism between the rival factions: the fervor of Baxter gave place to the fanaticism of the Anabaptists, the Episcopacy of Hooker to the

Prelacy of Laud. The Presbyterian discipline has never commended itself to Englishmen; and the sectaries had made themselves impossible: a new ecclesiastical settlement was a necessity of the time. There was no desire for the restoration of the old Church Establishment without modification. Large changes were called for; the best proof that this was so is the fact that, when the course taken by events forbade their introduction, religion became what it had never before been—sectarian; and the unity of the National Church broke down:—

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The political chapters of Mr. Dingle's book are better done than the narrative of the fighting, and the copious extracts from Chinese documents, though they break the story annoyingly, increase the permanent value of the book. The great puzzle of the war is why Yuan-shi-Kai did not crush the revolutionaries at Wuchang, as he might easily have done after the fall of Hanyang. The counter-success

of the revolutionaries at Nanking does not explain his inaction. The truth seems to be that in so far as the revolutionaries were pressing for reforms, they were breaking in an open door. Between a Republic and a Constitutional Monarchy there is not very much practical difference, and the republican form was preferred mainly because it marked the overthrow of the Manchu domination. Yuan-shi-Kai had no love for the Manchu Government, and he held by it as long as he did, mainly, we imagine, because he believed in a strong central government. Mr. Dingle, like other observers, does not conceal his distrust of Yuan, who is accused of acquiescing in the Republic as the surest means to his own military domination. But, on the whole, the evidence is in favor of Yuan's honesty. The memory of the Taiping Rebellion had eaten into the minds of the people. As Yuan wrote to Li early in the course of the rising, "whether the one side or the other succeeds, it is the Chinese that must foot the bill." At any rate, when an honorable and a dishonorable motive will fit the facts equally well, it is safer to take the first, and if that be so, Yuan has the best title to the position of first President of the Chinese Republic.

"Men and Manners of Modern China" is a singularly illuminating book. Its author, Dr. Macgowan, is a missionary, and the fact colors some of his chapters. In several places he longs for the conversion of China to Christianity as the chief hope for the future. If all the Christian Powers were in fact Christian in their policy, there would be many events less unlikely. The Chinese Court was once nearly converted, and so might its Government be again; for of religious, as distinguished from racial or social, bigotry there is very little in China, and that little somewhat disreputable. But the book is in no sense propagandist. It is a collection of essays on the life of the people, on their land laws and their philosophy of government, on their religion and their superstitions, on their plays, on their home life and their books. Of politics in the ordinary sense there is none, except for a few somewhat hasty allusions in the last chapter; but we cannot imagine a better introduction than this book to Chinese affairs. The author tells us just those things about China that no one needs telling about his own country—what a country road is like or a city street, how the people live, what amuses them, how their minds work, what are their fine qualities, and what their faults. He has humor and a fund of apt stories, and he never makes a general statement without a particular instance to support it. He writes in an agreeable style, sensitive without affectation.

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He sees these backward inhabitants of the Tunisian towns as the product of centuries of misgovernment and an unfortunate religion. "There is nothing like systematic misgovernment for degrading mankind." "The climate, and then their religion, have made them hard and incurious; it is a land of uncompromising masculinity. The softer element—thanks to the Koran—has become non-existent; and you will look in vain for the creative-feminine, for those intermediate types of ambiguous, submerged sexuality, the constructive poets and dreamers, the men of imagination and women of will, that give to good society in the North its sweetness and *chatoyance*." Perhaps he attributes too much to the Koran, too little to the climate, misgovernment, and an unhappy mixture of races. The Arabs of Arabia have had both Koran and desert; but, if we are to believe Mr. Doughty and many other witnesses, they have retained their finer qualities in spite of both. But Mr. Doughty, who is no untravelled amateur and no sentimentalist, has, at the same time, little affection for "progress or culture." Mr. Douglas, on the other hand, who is also neither amateur nor sentimentalist, and yet, in his way, is as much a *romanticist* as Mr. Doughty (we use the term deliberately), has that sort of hard-headedness which makes him, with full consciousness of the issues, an admirer of Anglo-Saxon efficiency, an apologist even of so-called Anglo-Saxon "hypocrisy," an advocate of "that capacity of reflection, of forming suggestive and fruitful concepts, which lies at the bottom of every kind of progress or culture," which, in his

opinion, has been "sucked out" of the Tunisian Arab "by the sun and by Mahomet's teaching." He will not attribute the defects of the Arab to the desert. His last words are "the evils which now afflict Northern Africa, its physical abandonment, its social and economical decay, are the work of that ideal Arab, the man of Mecca. Mahomet is the desert-maker." Those who have studied the social influence of Mohammedanism in Turkey, in Egypt, and in Persia, will find it hard to disagree with him; and, to counter his arguments, they must themselves argue from exceptions.

He admits that the French *régime* has been slightly beneficial to Tunisia—it could hardly have been otherwise. He approves of the railways and the phosphate mines, and states, with ironical disinterestedness, the case of the Phosphate Company's officials, who have bribed the Press, corrupted informers, disregarded the native, and incidentally improved the country. "That's sound—that's military," says the clear-headed and frank engineer. "One cannot afford to be sentimental in this country." Mr. Douglas himself is no friend to administrative sentiment, but he has no high opinion of the French ability in colonisation. He condemns the habit of sending boy-thieves to prison as wholeheartedly as he laughs at their policy of "pacific penetration." The natives acquiesce when they "recognise their masters" (a touch of Anglo-India here, but perhaps justified!). He complains, for instance, that the French officials have neglected to purify the waters of Gapsa, as they could have done by the method of "*suaviter in modo*," if not by a display of force. The civil servants do not attempt to make themselves "at home" in the country; and, so far as settlement is concerned, there are only eight or nine hundreds of Frenchmen "drowned in an ocean of Arabs." "The Americans knew better," says a young ex-farmer, in criticism of his country's methods, "when they cleared out the Red-skins!"

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this Papal minority was the set purpose of Cardinal Richelieu, harassed as he was by the Franco-Spanish quarrel and the intrigues of Anne of Austria, who cared more for Spain than for her adopted land. So the Cardinal resolved that by her marriage with the young English King (whose Spanish adventure had luckily come to nothing) Henrietta, the fervent Catholic, the beautiful and fascinating daughter of Henry of Navarre, must become the instrument of his designs upon Catholic England.

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in some of the issues, the falls are due more to the marking-down process adopted by dealers to protect themselves against possible sales by real holders. The following is a list of the bonds of the more important Balkan issues:—

		1912.				Yield.
		Int.	High.	Lowest.	Now.	
Austrian Gold Rates	...	4	98	94½	94½	4 4 3
Bulgarian Security	...	6	104½	100	99	6 1 0
Do.	1902	5	104	101	101	4 19 0
Do.	1909	4½	92	87½	86	5 2 0
Greek Monopoly	...	4	56½	51½	51	4 11 0
Do. Railways 1909	...	4	88½	84	86	4 14 3
Do. Do. (1910)	...	4	83	80	83	4 18 9
Hungarian Gold	...	4	93½	89½	90	4 10 0
Servian	...	4	89	84½	82	4 19 0
Turkish Unified	...	4	91½	87½	89	4 10 0
Do. 1908	...	4	81½	75	77	5 2 6
Do. 1909	...	4	82½	78	77½	5 1 3

The highest and lowest prices are taken up to the end of September, and the present prices are in several cases below the previous lowest point. The market has been favored in the past by the investor in search of 4½ or 5 per cent., who rejected industrial debentures and foreign railway preferences, on account of their uncertainties, and preferred to put his faith in the powers of diplomacy in the event of trouble. These securities give high yields, not because of the possibility of individual default, but because of the risk of a general disturbance, such as is now threatened, and it is impossible to say what would be the position in the event of the intervention of the Powers, and the re-partition of Eastern Europe. But it seems highly improbable that any obligations would be allowed to be dishonored in any event. The worst that might happen is delay in coupon payments, and the holders of any of these bonds would be well advised not to sell just now. Whether the moment is propitious for a purchase is more difficult to decide. Turkish certainly would look cheap if the financial position of the country were better. The 1909 issue is generally held to be better secured than the 1908 loan, and therefore commands a better price. These loans were issued at 89 and 89½, respectively, so that the unfortunate holders have seen a heavy depreciation in a short time. Only a small amount of these loans is held by the general British public. The Bulgarian 5 and 6 per cent. issues have been kept down to par by the half-yearly redemption drawings, and the 6 per cent. loan would be a bargain if the bonds could be picked up below par. The low yield on the Greek 4 per cent. Monopoly Loan is due to the gradually increasing rate of interest on the issue—2.36 per cent. was paid last year—and to the priority of the issue with the 5 per cent. Funding Loan over other issues.

BRITISH INDUSTRIAL DEBENTURES.

Though it has been fashionable in some cases to enlarge upon the fact that investors favor foreign securities, and that this is detrimental to home industry, the disastrous effects seem to be slow in coming, if we may judge by the Board of Trade returns. Perhaps it is true that investors have rushed too eagerly for the 5 and 6 per cent. offered on foreign securities, and, if so, the disturbance in the East may bring investors back to the steady British security as far as 4½ per cent. yields are concerned. But there is no doubt the Home investment cannot compete in the matter of the return to the investor with the foreign or colonial industrial; for how many of these could raise money in London at less than 4½ per cent.? Yet in looking round for good British industrial debentures difficulty is found in making a selection to yield more than this figure, the first debentures of most successful concerns yielding about 4½ per cent.

The following list, however, gives a sample of securities returning about 4½ per cent., or more:—

Debenture.		1912.				Present.	Last
		Int.	High.	Low.	Price.		
Associated Cement 2nd	...	5	93	89	91½	5 12 3	Nil.
Bovril	...	4½	104	100½	102½	4 8 9	3
British & India Steam Nav.	...	4½	—	—	100	4 10 0	7½
British Oil & Cake Mills	...	4½	93½	89½	91½	4 14 0	7
Cammell Laird 2nd	...	4½	96½	89	89	5 1 9	Nil.
Do. 3rd	...	5	102	92½	92½	5 8 0	Nil.
Charing Cross, West End, and City Elect. 2nd	...	4½	103½	100	101	4 9 9	5

Debenture.		1912.				Present.	Last
		Int.	High.	Low.	Price.		
County of Lond. Elect. 2nd	...	4½	103½	100	101½	4 10 3	6
Dorman, Long & Co. 1st	...	4	89½	86	89	4 10 6	6
Gordon Hotels	...	4½	90	85	87	5 4 6	2
L. G. O.	...	4½	—	—	97	4 12 9	10
Metropolitan Electric Trams	...	4½	101½	96½	99	4 11 9	6
1st	...	4½	97	95	96	4 14 3	4½
Newcastle Electric Supply 1st	...	5	102½	97½	102	4 19 3	5
Royal Mail Steam 2nd	...	4	89	83	85½	4 14 6	5
Savoy Hotel Perpet.	...	4	90½	87	87	4 12 0	5
Schwepes	...	4½	92	86	87½	5 3 3	7
Slaters	...	4½	106	102½	104½	4 7 0	10
Vickers 2nd	...	5	108	104	105	4 16 6	10
Do. 3rd	...	4	90½	84	85½	4 13 6	7
Wm. Whiteley 1st	...	4	90½	84	85½	4 13 6	7

All these companies, except two, are paying dividends on their Ordinary capital, and, in most instances, the debentures have an additional margin of security in the form of Preference capital. The exceptions are Associated Cement and Cammell Laird. In both these cases the Ordinary shares stands at high prices in anticipation of dividends. How far these anticipations are justified remains to be seen, but it is remarkable that in both cases the last reports showed the Ordinary capital to be further away from a dividend than was the case in the previous accounts. The other yields over 5 per cent. are Gordon Hotels and Slaters, whose profits have been declining recently. Royal Mail new debentures yield very nearly 5 per cent., and look quite cheap. It is hardly likely that a rate war will be allowed to develop as the result of the new mail contract, and the interest was covered last year by 5 per cent. on £3,000,000 of Preference and Ordinary capital, while general freights are very high just now. Newcastle Electric Supply Debentures return 4½ per cent., and the security certainly looks better than that of Schwepes, for instance, where the yield is lower. Schwepes paid 5 per cent. last year on the Deferred capital, against 2 per cent. in 1911, the hot summer of 1911 helping the latest figures.

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THE Fifth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Northern Equitable Insurance Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday, 2nd October, 1912, in the Accountants' Hall, 218, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. Frank Burnet, Esq. (Chairman of the Company), presided.

The Secretary read the notice calling the meeting, and also the report by the auditors, dated 24th September, 1912.

The Chairman said: I have pleasure in submitting for your consideration the fifth annual report of directors, along with the audited accounts for the year to 31st July. We have this year stated the accounts in a different form from those of previous years, as we felt that it would show the position of the company more clearly to the shareholders if we stated the accounts in the form in which they require to be furnished to the Board of Trade.

Dealing first with the Fire Department, the net premium income, after deducting reinsurances, amounts to £2,086 4s. 8d. We are very anxious to extend this department, which has so far proved a profitable one, but at the same time we recognise that it is necessary to go on very conservative lines, and to avoid any business of a hazardous nature. We have avoided the acceptance of foreign business, and most of our premiums are derived from private dwelling-house and such like risks. The commission paid in respect of this business amounts to £417 4s. 11d., expenses of management to £283 17s. 4d., claims under policies paid and outstanding to £713 15s. 11d., contributions to fire brigades £2 2s. 8d., and after increasing our reserve from 23·9 per cent. at which figure it stood last year, to 33·33 per cent., there is a balance left over of £254 12s. 8d., which we have transferred to profit and loss account.

In the Accident Insurance Business the premiums amount to £3,888 7s. 1d., the Claims paid to £1,586 6s. 9d., to which falls to be added £250 in respect of outstanding claims intimated, but not paid at the date of the balance-sheet, making a total of £1,836 6s. 9d. The Commission comes to £777 13s. 5d., expenses of management to £716 11s. 11d., and after providing for a reserve for unexpired risks at the rate of 35·33 per cent., there remains a balance of £1,965 10s. 5d., which has also been transferred to profit and loss account.

As you are aware, our largest department is Employers' Liability. As I stated at our meeting last year, the policy of the Directors during the year which has now passed would be to restrict our operations so far as new business was concerned, and to devote our attention mainly to putting the then existing business on a sound and profitable footing. As showing that we have carried out the resolve then made, I would point out that so far from increasing our liability, we have, by increasing rates and throwing off undesirable business, decreased our liability by over £11,500. That is to say, that although the premiums this year are £106,661 10s., as against £96,352 1s. 6d. last year, the rates on premiums have been increased by over £20,000, so that we have very materially less liability, with a considerable increase of premium. I regret that through a printer's error this figure of £20,000 has in some of the reports issued to the shareholders been stated at £2,000. I hope, however, that the context would enable you to see the error. The result of our efforts to antcipate and prevent any increase, will be to show a satisfactory profit in this department in coming years. As you will observe, we have transferred a sum of £7,500 from General Account to strengthen the reserve in the Employers' Liability Department. There is also credited a sum of £304 in respect of proportion of interest and dividends. The payments under policies, including legal and medical expenses, amount to £75,739 11s. 2d., the commission to £12,782 13s. 6d., expenses of management £19,663 2s. 2d., and the reserve for unexpired risk has been increased from 28· per cent., at which it stood last year, to 30·03 per cent., and the total of this reserve, with the estimated liability in respect of outstanding claims, is £49,365 19s. 7d., as compared with £42,968 16s. 5d. at the close of last year.

In the General Department the premiums amount to £54,942 19s. 2d., payments under policies £30,939 10s. 6d., commission £10,988 11s. 10d., expenses of management £10,126 12s. 2d., and the Fund at the close of the year was £5,509 3s. 7d.

Coming to deal with profit and loss account, there are credited to the account the profits on the Fire and Accident Departments and the interest and dividends, and there are debited £2,000 of expenses of management, which cannot properly be charged against the other funds, and the proportion of interest and dividends transferred to the employers' account, amounting to £304, leaving a balance of £2,288 15s. 4d., which the Directors recommend should be applied in the manner set forth in the report.

I have no doubt you will be gratified to see that the Directors have this year been able to recommend a dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. We have in the past been blamed by some for being too conservative in the payment of dividends. We are still as firmly convinced as ever that it is in the best interests of the shareholders themselves that reserves should be built up until they are fully able to meet any unforeseen contingency which may arise. Particularly in our Workmen's Compensation and General Departments we recognise the necessity for still further strengthening the reserve funds, and we are very hopeful that the result of this year's trading will enable us to do this to a very material extent. If the Directors had not been fully satisfied that the company had now turned the corner, and had every prospect of making substantial profits in the years to come, they would not have sanctioned even so small a dividend as 3 per cent. That they have done so may be taken by you as an expression of your Directors' confidence in the present position and future prosperity of the company.

Coming to the balance-sheet, you will see that the realisable Assets, in which are included cash in bank and on hand investments, agents' balances, and interest accrued, now amount to £28,099 6s. 7d., which compares with a figure made up on the same basis of £25,911 19s. 4d. at the close of last year.

You will observe that we have this year stated our investments in railway debenture stock at cost, and in order to provide for the depreciation in previous years, we have carried a sum of £510 to an Investments Depreciation Reserve.

As you will see from the report, we propose out of the sum at the credit of profit and loss account to carry a further sum of £650 to provide for the further depreciation which has taken place during the year under review.

It is certainly somewhat disturbing to find that during the year the capital value of these first-class railway debentures has depreciated by considerably more than the interest earned on them. We can only hope that future years may see an improvement in this respect. Our furniture account has been increased from £2,155 3s. to £2,738 17s. 7d. This is mainly due to considerable extensions at Head Office and to our having had to take new premises for our London Office. These new premises in London have been rented on long lease on what we consider very advantageous terms. We are this year writing off depreciation on our furniture account a sum of £273 17s. 9d., which will reduce the furniture account to £2,464 19s. 10d., and as we do not anticipate any material addition to this account, we should be able in the course of a few years to bring down this item in our balance-sheet to a very moderate figure.

I beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. Chas. McNeill seconded the motion, and it was unanimously adopted.

After the retiring Directors had been unanimously re-elected, and other formal business transacted, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the Chairman on the motion of Mr. T. A. Fraser.

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VOL. IV

OCTOBER, 1912.

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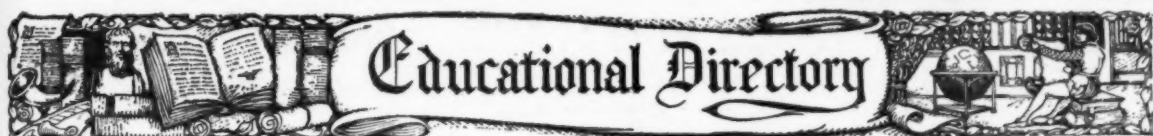
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